

California
Journal
of
Law
and
Literature

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CONTINENTAL
EXCURSIONS;
OR,
TOURS
INTO
FRANCE,
SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY,
IN 1782, 1787, AND 1789.

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF
PARIS,
AND THE
GLACIERES OF SAVOY:
TO THIS ARE ADDED,
OBSERVATIONS UPON THE DISPOSITIONS
OF THE FRENCH, PREVIOUS TO
THE REVOLUTION.

BY THE REV. THOMAS PENNINGTON, M. A.
RECTOR OF THORLEY, HERTS,
CHAPLAIN TO EDWARD LORD ELLENBOROUGH,
AND LATE FELLOW OF CLARE-HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR F. C. & J. RIVINGTON, 62, ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH YARD:
BY T. C. HANSARD, PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.

1809.

1380
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following sheets were intended to have been printed at the time they were written ; but from various causes the intention has hitherto been delayed, nor would they now have seen the light, but from the persuasions of relatives too partial to the writer.

This will account for travels being printed so long after they were undertaken.

As to the work itself, it has need of much indulgence ; but it should be recollected, that it was written at a very

early period of life, therefore, it is hoped, that the imperfections in it will be regarded as Maculæ, quas incuria fudit.

When it is considered in what manner the mad ambition of one man has changed the face of affairs on the Continent since this was written, it may claim some attention from the reader, if he should wish to compare the present state of things with that which then existed.

Tours, the author is well aware, are now become so common, that few will venture to look into them, they only vary in name, as, Sentimental, Descriptive, Picturesque, &c. He can claim no merit from this trifling performance, but that of not mentioning any places which he has not really seen.

He has not ventured to describe things of which he has no knowledge but that which may be derived from sitting in an arm chair.

The occasional misspelling the names of places, especially in Germany, is owing to the author's not understanding the language, but catching the sound as well as he could from the natives.

Such as it is, it is now submitted to the Public, and if the following trifling performance should serve to pass away an hour cheerfully, the writer's time has not been spent in vain.

CONTINENTAL EXCURSIONS.

Dover, March 6, 1782.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU know that I have long talked of taking a trip to the continent for a few months, to see how our Gallic neighbours go on; and nothing but the war which has raged for some years between the two nations, has prevented me. But as there is not this year more probability of a peace, than there was the last, I am determined no longer to defer putting my plan in execution, and am therefore come to this place,

in order to embark for Ostend, which is a neutral port, as the communication is not yet open between Dover and Calais, though it is said that it will soon be.

As you have never been at this place, I will just mention, that it is a very long, and since it has been paved, a handsome town. It is so populous, that they reckon 12,000 inhabitants in it. It is situated in one of the most delightful and romantic valleys imaginable, with a clear stream running through it; on each side of which are meadows, corn-fields and gentlemen's houses.

The cliffs which hang over the town have a most stupendous appearance. Shakespear's celebrated one is about a mile out of it.

I have often wondered that no one has erected a pillar on the top of it; with those fine lines of our dramatic Poet which relate to it; as they would

have a great effect when read on the very spot which gave rise to them.

Dover is a great resort for smugglers, as the passage is so short to Calais, Boulogne, and Dunkirk. It has many privileges, as being chief of the cinque ports.

The wind is quite contrary, so that you most probably will hear from me again, from this place ; but I must first desire, as a prelude to the correspondence which you was was so obliging as to ask, that you would excuse any inaccuracies in style, &c. as I shall transmit things to paper as they occur, without confining myself to any rules.

I am,

Yours, &c.

Dover, March 7, 1782.

STILL wind-bound at this place, I shall soon begin to think what I have done to Neptune, for he uses me as ill as he did the Greeks at Aulis; and I have no Iphigenia to sacrifice, in order to appease him; and indeed, if I had, I hope I should know her value better than applying her to such a purpose.

I have this morning been clambering up to the castle, which is built on a high cliff overlooking the sea and the town. It is said to have been begun by Julius Cæsar; and has always been of such importance, as to be esteemed the bulwark of the kingdom. It is the best fortified of any in the island, and in the finest preservation. Indeed nature and art unite in making it inaccessible.

The gallant defence which Hubert de Burgh, earl of Kent, and chief jus-

ticiary of the realm in the reign of Henry III. made against Lewis of France, is well known, his brave conduct proved the safety of the kingdom.

Many persons think that the guns could not affect the ships in the least. They show you here an amazingly large gun, ironically called, Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Piece, which will carry a shot three miles. The Lord Warden of the cinque ports, who is governor of the Castle *ex officio*, has a house here, as has the lieutenant governor also; and there are many others for the officers of the Castle within the walls, which inclose 36 acres*.

The view from the castle is noble, of the coast of France, and town of Calais, (in a clear day); Dover, and its harbour, cliffs, and a romantic beau-

* Since this was written, the author had the pleasure of seeing M. Blanchard and Dr. Jefferies, launch their Balloon from the cliff. The day was fine, there were numerous spectators, and it was one of the noblest sights imaginable.

tiful country. The harbour is very difficult of entrance, as there is a bad bar; however there are ships of 400 tons burden sometimes in it. I am at the City of London, which is a good Inn, but, as may well be imagined, all the Inns here are extravagantly dear.

The captain is just come to say that the wind is come round, and he shall sail at one in the morning, so that I shall not go to bed, till I get on board. Good night.

Yours, &c.

Ostend, March 8, 1782.

“ THUS far our arms have with success been crown’d.” After having paid head money, &c. &c. and satisfied those rapacious gentlemen, the custom-house officers, we embarked at one in the morning, and after a very rough passage landed at this town, at half past twelve at noon*: as I am but a young sailor, I own I was rather afraid, when about mid-way, the mate called the captain out of his cabin, and told him to come upon deck, as the wind rose ; however, my fears were soon dispelled by the cool and easy way in which the captain gave his orders, and then very quietly went into his hole again, for such these cabins

* A bye-boat, commanded by captain Cannon, had been lost a few weeks before in this passage, and not a person saved ; it is supposed she foundered off the Goodwin Sands.

may be justly called, as they are all under water. We had several men passengers, but what was much worse, several horses in the hold, which kicked about, and were so refractory, that I every moment expected that they would have started a plank. I at first was vastly well, but whilst, with youthful vanity, I was giving directions to the French gentlemen how to avoid *la maladie de la mer*, and even telling them the postures which they must use ; I was taken ill in the midst of my vanity, and saluted my nearest neighbours, to whom I was holding forth, in the most unpleasant way imaginable, and did not recover till I went upon deck, where I remained above six hours, most of which time it snowed, and blew, and hailed *à torte outrance*. You may imagine that I had not a very pleasant time of it, and I was heartily glad, when I heard the joyful sound of the steeple of Ostend being to be seen.

Ostend is twenty leagues from Dover, and there are packets constantly going to it with the mail and passengers to the Low-Countries and Spa. The harbour is difficult of entrance, but a good one when you are over the bar. There is the Keyser Joseph now in it of 1000 tons burden, and it is said that it will hold 1000 vessels, but this I am inclined to doubt.

It is certain, however, that the Emperor spares no pains to embellish and improve the only port which he has. And they are now making a bason which will contain 300 vessels.

On each side of the quays are built storehouses for the merchants, which are here in abundance, as the Emperor has declared it a neutral port.

The town is nearly of a circular form, the streets broad and regularly built, but there is an astonishing air of dullness spread all over them. The lamps are hung across the street from one house

to the other, so that our modern built carriages would not go under them.

Ostend is very commercial, and is inhabited by French, Flemings, Dutch and English. A vast number of the latter have settled here since the war, and the Flemish are the natural inhabitants. I am sorry to say, that many of the worst of our countrymen have taken refuge here, and in other of the Emperor's towns*.

There are here two *Places* or squares. In the Grande Place, is the Hotel de Ville, or town house, which was formerly a very handsome building, till the uniformity of it was spoiled by one of the towers being knocked down in the famous siege by the archduke Albert of Austria, and the celebrated marquis Spinola. This siege lasted from July 5, 1601, to September 22,

* Since writing this, the Emperor has declared that he will give up all outlaws, as his dominions shall not be a receptacle for vagabonds.

1604. The Spaniards are said to have lost 80,000, and the besieged 50,000. The city received above 300,000 cannon shot, frequently under covert of the dead bodies, with which the besieged filled the breaches ; they surrendered at last for want of room, as they had abundance of provisions supplied by the English. The duchess of Parma is said to have declared that she would not change her shift till it was taken, but she probably altered her mind, or had none left at the end of three years, unless the linen wore better then, than it does now. It is said that the Spaniards shot such a number of bullets against the sand-hill bulwark, where they stuck, that it became a wall of iron and dashed the fresh bullets to pieces. The fortifications are very strong both by nature and art.

There are many respectable English merchants here, which makes the place

very gay, and there are two regular clubs, called the Houses of Lords and Commons.

I am at La Cour Imperiale*, with four French gentlemen, who have invited me to take part of their English coach, which is rather more commodious than the vehicles of this country.

To morrow we set off for Lille, sixteen leagues distant, where I mean to continue some time.

Yours, &c.

* It is much better to go to the inns of the country than English ones, as you avoid imposition, see a variety of people, and acquire the language sooner.

Lille, March 15, 1782.

WE set off at half past two in the afternoon from Ostend, in an English coach with six tolerable horses. The day had an unpromising appearance, as it snowed, and there was soon snow on the ground above an inch deep.

We got to Menin at twelve at night, which is thirty-nine miles from Ostend, there we could not procure any thing for supper but an omelet and bread and butter, which too we were much troubled to get, as they were all in bed*.

Menin is the last town in the Emperor's dominions, and is very strongly fortified. It is small and neat, and there are two or three convents in it.

There was a great sameness in the

* Here I was first sensible of the luxury of an English chamber, as I slept in a cold bricked room, which was not very comfortable, contrasted with a carpeted room; and the night was cold and snowy.

road which we came, long views and a dead flat, and a row of trees on each side. This is the case almost all through Flanders. There are crucifixes fixed on trees, boards, &c. almost at every mile, which they call *bons Dieux*, for the Flemish are more bigotted than the French, and it is astonishing to see the devotion with which my fellow travellers (in the midst of their conversation and droll stories which they related to each other) pulled off their hats to them.

We went about five miles an hour, for the Flemish horses, as well as post boys, are very dilatory ; the latter are so impertinent, that when we blamed one for keeping us waiting in the cold for half an hour, he took his pipe out of his mouth (for they all drive and smoke at the same time) and after having abused our spokesman with the utmost gravity, and in the grossest manner, replaced his pipe in his mouth,

and drove on with his usual coolness; another kept us in the coach till he had done supper; so that if you add to this the tiresomeness of the *barriere* man or turnpike man, who kept us half an hour because he did not like the money which was paid him, you will not wonder that we were above nine hours going forty miles, a thing which would seem incredible in England in a good road.

But it must be said for the credit of the French, that these impertinences would not be suffered in France. The Grand Monarque and his substitutes keep the postilions in better order.

After having slept badly in a hard bed and brick room, we set off for Lille as soon as the *bureau* gentlemen would let us: for at the division of their territories, the arms of the respective sovereigns are fixed up over a house where the officers of the *donane*, or custom-house, live, who are appointed

to search all travellers, so that if you do not distribute your twenty-four sous a little freely, they have it in their power to be very troublesome.

I have known some of these gentlemen, with their powdered bag-wigs, and ruffles down to their nails, make a low bow for sixpence ; and answer to your protestations of having nothing forbidden, “ Je le crois,” “ Je ne vous derangerai pas, Monsieur ;” three hours after having got rid of these impediments, we arrived at Lille, when I took leave of my fellow travellers, who pressed me to go with them to Paris. Here I will finish this letter, which I have spun out to an enormous length.

Yours, &c.

Lille, March 31, 1782.

THIS town has a noble appearance at a distance, and you are not deceived when you are in it, you enter it by the Porte de la Magdeleine through three redoubts.

It is situated in a dead flat, as all the towns of Flanders are, and almost among the marshes. There are few cities which can vie with Lille, for regularity of buildings, breadth of streets, populousness, liveliness, &c. insomuch that it has justly acquired the name of *petit Paris*. It is about four miles in circumference, but quite round the fortifications, they tell you, it is above eight, but I do not think it so much.

There are many hackney coaches on the Grande Place, much better than those of Paris, as I am informed, and the fares are very reasonable.

It is very strongly fortified, and has

sustained several long sieges, but was finally ceded to France in 1713 under Lewis 14th, and has continued subject to it ever since. No expence has been spared to render it as strong as possible, as it is the key of the French dominions in the Low-Countries, and the capital of French Flanders.

The prince de Soubize is the present governor of Lille, and monsieur De Sombreuil lieutenant governor ; he has a good house, in which however he does not reside much. As I have letters of introduction to many families in this city, I shall I believe stay in it six or seven weeks, that I may get some insight into the language before I go on to Paris : for although there is such a mixture of French and Flemish here, it is thought that they do not speak bad French. I shall continue writing to you from time to time as things occur. Adieu,

Yours, &c.

Lille, April 5, 1782.

THIS city is like Thebes,* Heptapylos, it has seven noble gates, the handsomest of which is the *Porte des Malades*, which leads to Paris.

This is esteemed a very elegant piece of architecture, it was erected in 1682, by the magistrates, in honour of that vain-glorious prince Louis the XIVth, who had more incense of this kind paid him by his numerous flatterers than any prince before him. It must, however, be owned to his credit, that he had great generals and great statesmen, and that is one sign of a great king, (witness our Elizabeth) as it shews his judgment in the choice of them.

The *Grande Place*, or square, is large, regular, beautiful, and lively, and said to exceed any in Paris; the *Corps de*

* In Bœotia. Thebes in Egypt was Hecatompylos, or had a hundred gates.

Garde and the Bourse add not a little to its beauty. Before the former, every day at twelve, the troops are exercised, the latter is full of shops like Exeter 'Change.

The Petite Place is the market, in which there is abundance of every thing in the greatest plenty, and is close by the Grande Place. On this last, are the two chief inns, l'Hotel Royal and l'Hotel de Bourbon ; I am at the former, but the latter is most frequented by the English.

Lille is situated on the Dêule, which falls into the Lys nine miles from the city. It is but an indifferent river, and unworthy of so fine a city.

The Rue des Malades and Rue Royale are the best streets ; the latter is three-quarters of a mile in length, and reckoned the finest street in France, but it is a very dull one. There are always many English in this city in time of peace, but not many at present.

I am sorry to say, that one is often obliged to beware of one's countrymen in these towns near the coast; as too often the worst sort takes refuge in them, so that it is much better for a traveller to associate as much as possible with the French, than with them. The French, to do them justice, are very fond of conversing with the English. The servant of the inn where I was, rejoiced me much by saying that she loved the English, but the sordid reason of her loving them soon reduced my pride, for she added, "*parcequ'ils sont riches.*" I shall contrive to see every thing curious in this place. I am now completely metamorphosed into a Frenchman, as I have a full dress coat and waistcoat, a bag, laced ruffles and a sword; the latter in provincial towns is the distinction in dress between a gentleman and a bourgeois.

I am,

Yours, &c.

Lille, April 10, 1782.

I HAVE been this morning to see the citadel. It is very strong and well built, with every convenience for troops, there is a very neat chapel, and the commandant has a good house. There are in the citadel and town 10,000 troops in peace, and 4,000 in war.

The Arsenal is large and well stored. There are only two churches in Lille, the collegiate one of St. Peter, and St. Stephens; it is under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Tournay.

In the former church is a fine eulogium on a nobleman who was killed at the battle of Poitiers. Every thing was very gay on Easter Sunday*, as

* The Carnival, or time immediately preceding Lent, is a season not only of festivity but full of excesses, when Papists, to make themselves some amends for the mortifications they are about to undergo in Lent, indulge in every pleasure: Balls, masquerades, plays, &c. &c. are in every town, for in Lent the zealous Catholics eat no meat, eggs, butter, &c. but live chiefly on fish, vegetables, and plain puddings; besides this, they confess frequently, and practise numberless austerities.

the bells rang all day, for they had been to be blessed, and had been silent from Good Friday ; this form of blessing them is one of the superstitious customs of this country*.

I have been to a military mass at St. Stephen's, which is very curious for its novelty and noise. At the elevation of the Host, the drums beat, and all the instruments strike up, when you must kneel, or at least appear to do it, for I know a gentleman who was sent to prison because he would not conform to this custom. It is always best to comply with the whims of a strange country, especially when one travels for curiosity.

I went also to St. Peter's to hear a Sermon preached by a Capuchin, after the mass and concert were over ; it

* This is a time of great festivity, when after the austerities of Lent, the Papists plunge into the contrary extreme.

might justly be called a concert, as there were all sorts of instruments, besides a very fine organ.

The Friar preached extempore near 40 minutes, with a vast deal of action, and without the least hesitation; a dead silence prevailed, nor was there any of those coughings or noises which are too common in our churches.

The good father rested about the middle of his discourse, and let them cough, sneeze, &c. and the moment he began again the same silence prevailed: a custom worthy of imitation among us.

Some skeletons and skulls which surrounded the preacher were very disgusting. I often dine at the Table d' Hôte, at the hotel De Bourbon, at 1 o'clock, which is reckoned late * in this country, as noon in general is the regular hour. There is an elegant

* They have now adopted English hours.

dinner, two courses and a desert, and a pint of claret, for three livres, or half a crown: add to this, your coffee and liqueurs, (for the French drink their wine with their dinner and never sit at the bottle,) and the whole will be under three shillings.

Here you are sure of meeting with the best company, both military and the gentlemen of the town, who often come to talk over the news and meet their friends.

This is the best way, I think, of proceeding for a single man, as by it he will have the advantage of acquiring the language better than any other way, and the French, so far from laughing at you, when you pronounce their language wrong, are happy to set you right; for they are always much gratified by travellers coming amongst them.

I remain,

Yours, &c.

Lille, April 20, 1782.

IN few towns of its size, have superstition and bigotry erected more altars to religion than at Lille.

There are here eighteen Monasteries of men and seventeen of women.

The church of the Jacobins is very beautiful, and there are some good paintings in it. And in that of the Capuchins, there is a very fine Descent of the Cross by Rubens.

The Recolets and Capuchins have the same dress, and the only difference between them is, that the Capuchins let their beards grow, and the Recolets do not; but the Capuchins is much the strictest order*, though they say

* Of this order was the famous Duc De Joyeuse, in the reign of Henry the 3rd, who had a dispensation to quit the order, and take his title and estate on the death of the Duke, his brother.

that there are more men of fashion amongst them than in any other order, on account of their austerity, as they wish to retire from a dissolute life to one of extreme mortification. They live chiefly upon contributions. I experienced great attention from them, and they have a good library ; they are in general the best scholars among the Monks. The Augustins have a strange custom of dressing always in white in their convent, and in black when they go abroad.

I received several invitations to dine with the Dominicans or Jacobins, who seem to live very comfortably, but could not go. Many of the Monks get much by selling the produce of their vineyard, which is generally very good, as the pious fathers are not so immersed in their studies as to be ignorant of the goodness of wine.

Of the seventeen convents of women,

ten only are close ones, the other seven are called open ones. The business of the Nuns in these is, chiefly, to tend the sick ; but none ever go out of the grated ones, as it requires such interest to get a dispensation from their vows as is hardly possible to be got. It is grievous to see these victims to religion ; they all tell you they are very happy, but their looks and words do not agree.

Whether the austere life they lead affects their looks, I know not, but it is generally observed, and I found the observation true, that there is hardly a pretty woman among them.

I went to the Ursulines to see Merc Eleanor, an Irish girl, reckoned very pretty, but I was much disappointed ; indeed the dress of the Nuns is very unbecoming, particularly the head dress.

This is the only convent at Lille

which takes pensioners, and there are more of this order than of all the others put together*.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

* It is not only the Nuns who consecrate themselves to religion, but in France, there is a considerable number called Deyotees; these are women who having lived free lives, devote themselves to acts of piety. They are constantly at mass, confession, &c. and are seen with a downcast eye, walking with a solemn step, counting their beads, and repeating their Ave-Marias. In short, they begin with being rakes, and end with being devotees.

Lille, April 22, 1782.

THE chapel of L'Abbiette or little abbey of the order of St. Dominic, is a remarkably elegant building and finely decorated* ; I saw and heard the Nuns singing in it, to the number of about forty, and they verified the truth of my former observation, indeed they seem as if they might have safely remained in the world without being exposed to much temptation ; I wish for the credit of the devotees, that some handsome ones would retire, that it might not be supposed they did it for want of attention paid to them in the world : not that I think none profess, or take the vows from religious motives, there certainly are many who do, and it is a

* In many of the Convents, there is a large curtain in the chapel which conceals the Nuns from view, and you only hear them sing ; in general, the vocal and instrumental music in Popish chapels is very pleasing.

great pity, for they act from mistaken ones, and imagine an inactive life will contribute more to their good than an active one.

Women who are admitted into these societies without fortune, do the servile offices of the convent and wait upon the pensioners, they are called *Soeurs**, as the principal ones are *Meres*; I have heard from friends who have been educated in a convent, that nothing can be more insipid or wearisome than a conventual life. Mattins, Vespers, sauntering about within the same dull walls, and doing some needle work, fill up the heavy hours.

The *Soeurs* have the lowest place in the chapels. For pride is not banished even from these grated mansions sacred to religion. When a stranger wishes to see the nature of a convent, for the interior he cannot see, he goes

* The same distinction prevails in the convents of men, they are called *Peres* and *Freres*.

into one of the parlours, of which there are many, and on ringing, some of the Nuns will come and converse with him, the grate being between them. In general they are fond of strangers *. By this time you are as tired with reading this as I am with writing, so I will release you.

Yours, &c.

* Buonaparté has now put an end to all religious societies.

Lille, May 4, 1782.

ABOUT a mile and a half out of the city is the abbey of Marquette, of the order of Cisterians. It is a noble building, and a rich foundation. The abbess is in general of the blood royal, her apartments are noble, and the gardens extensive, and well laid out.

You go to the abbey through a fine avenue of above 700 yards in length, which is kept in the most exact order. The Nuns live very comfortably, as it is an open convent, and often come to Lille; once a year some of them go to Paris for a few weeks*.

The dress of all Nuns, as I have said, is very unbecoming, whether white or black, and the hood which covers so

* On my enquiring of an English girl whether she did not think of her country, she answered me very emphatically, "Je ne pense qu'à Marquette." I only think of Marquette.

much of their faces, if they were handsome is not calculated to display their beauty. About four miles from Lille through the gate of Notre Dame is the abbey De Los for men of the order of Cisterians also. It is all almost lately rebuilt. The choir of the church is very elegant, the library considerable, and the apartments extensive and well furnished.

They are allowed three weeks every year to visit their friends, and are not strict in any thing: they are a polite and well-bred society, and the abbé has a large revenue. In the road to this abbey I saw La Nouvelle Avanture, which is a large building, with a theatre, &c. where, upon occasion, they can act plays. It has a very good garden; this is well worth a stranger's seeing, as more of the manners of the middling and lower order of people is seen here in a few hours, than in many weeks in other places. The country people and

those from Lille resort much to this place on Sundays and holidays, where they dance, walk, &c. &c. and it is really vastly pretty to see how well many of them dance without any regular figure.

The accommodations are very reasonable, you only give six sous for admittance. I have been several times to the play; the house is not good enough for such a town as Lille, but some of the actors are tolerable. Every night in Easter week it was crowded, as some of the inferior players from Paris performed that week.

The performance begins a little after five, and ends at nine, so that you may sup afterwards and go to bed in good time*, which cannot be with us, as our public diversions are so late.

There are several hospitals at Lille taken care of by nurses, of which the

* This is now much changed, and they are adopting English hours with their dress and customs.

two principal were founded by Jane countess of Flanders, one is called after her l'Hospital Comtesse. These hospitals were of very great use to the French and English officers wounded at the battle of Fontenoi.

In the latter is a monument to the memory of the French who were killed in this battle, and were buried in *la chambre de convalescence*. There are beds in the hospital on each side, for those who are almost recovered, so that the living and the dead are mixed together. Adjoining to it is a convent for thirty nuns founded by the same lady, for the express purpose of taking care of the hospital. The chapel is very elegant, and there are some good paintings, but the refectory, and the rooms, are in general dull.

The esplanade or public walk is very pretty, with distinct roads between two rows of trees along the canal, for foot passengers, horses and carriages. This

is much frequented on evenings in summer.

At the beginning of the esplanade is the coffee-house and public assembly-room called the Redoute.

Among the troops quartered in this town is one of the Irish brigades, which adhered to the unfortunate James the Second: their uniform is scarlet, like ours, and the common soldiers are composed of all sorts of people*, but the officers must be Irish; they have more pay than the French troops; there are four brigades of them.

As in all the large French towns, there is here a commandant†, town major, &c. &c. and a very good police.

The ramparts are very pretty, at least part of them, and you have a fine view of the town from them, and the environs, which latter however are not

* As the French themselves say, *la lie du peuple*.

† Who is Lieutenant Governor.

very pleasant, as the whole country is a dead flat.

I counted near a hundred mills round the town, no bad sign of a plentiful country, which it certainly is, abounding in corn and meat.

I am going to Tournay in a day or two, and shall write to you from this place but once or twice more.

Yours, &c.

Lille, May 6, 1782.

A LARGE party of us the other day executed our intention, and went in two coaches to Tournay, which is five leagues from Lille.

It is a large, handsome, well built city, in Austrian Flanders, on the Scheldt, or as the French call it l'Escaut, as they often take the liberty of changing the names of places and rivers; it is here not very broad. The cathedral is not remarkable for any thing but its age, which is said to be one thousand four hundred years.

The abbey of St. Martin is a very fine one, and the church remarkably elegant without being tawdry; there are several paintings of Rubens in it. The apartments of the abbey are very good.

There is a Porcelain manufactory here, but the ware is by no means

pretty, and very dear. This town is not by any means populous, it belongs to the Emperor.

Lille, as to ecclesiastical matters, is subject to the jurisdiction of the bishop of Tournay. Cardinal Wolsey, who was administrator of this bishopric, felt the sweets of its revenue, which are very large.

Tournay is much better fortified than it was in the reign of Henry the eighth, when it was taken after only six days siege,* though it had held out nearly two months against the whole French army commanded by marshal Saxe in the year 1745, and even sometime after the unfortunate battle of Fontenoi. We wished much to have gone to the plain on which the battle was fought, close by the village of Fontenoi, which is only a league from

* Just before this, the runaway battle had taken place, called the Battle of the Spurs, as Spurs were more used than Swords.

Tournay, but the road was so bad as to be impassable for our carriage, and we would not leave the ladies of our party ; so that we had the mortification of seeing the field of battle without being able to go to it.

The walk on the ramparts is very pleasant, and the environs are delightful. We saw the procession of their tutelar saint, which was a very fine one ; after a very pleasant excursion, we returned to this place in the evening. I propose going to Douay tomorrow, and will write on my return.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

Lille, May 7, 1782.

I AM just returned from Douay, it is a very large town, and greater in extent than Lille, but dull and badly peopled; it is subject to the King of France. The fortifications are very strong. Here is a collegiate church and a famous English seminary, in which are educated great numbers of English and Irish papists.

From Lille to Douay it is seven leagues, and you only pass through the village of Pont au Marc, half way in which we experienced bad entertainment at the inn called l'Hotel de Versailles.

When an Englishman first leaves his country, he is astonished at the insignificance and mean appearance of the provincial towns in England, compared with the fine, large towns in the Pais Bas, which are so frequent,

that you hardly quit the walls of one but you come to another, such as Lille, Tournay, Douay, &c. &c. but when he considers the blessings which he enjoys in the Magna Charta and an excellent Constitution, and the comfort of having open towns free from fortifications, which he can enter and leave at any hour of the night, without the tiresome questions of a sentinel*; he is easily consoled, by reflecting on the solid blessings he enjoys contrasted with the inconveniences inseparable from a military government. I propose setting off to morrow to St. Omer for some days, and shall return by way of Dunkirk.

Yours, &c.

* These regular questions are, *d'ou venez vous, où allez vous, votre nom & qualité*, preparatory to the search, which is however very light, if you sacrifice a few livres.

St. Omer, May 9, 1782.

WE left Lille at five in the morning, and did not arrive at this place till seven at night. The last part of the road is tolerable, but the first by no means so. La Basse is the first bourg* through which you pass, where they change horses.

We dined at Bethune, a compact and strongly fortified town, which gave title to Sully†, the celebrated and virtuous minister of Henry the Fourth.

This is half way between Lille and St. Omer, and a very dear place. We dined au Palais Royal, and paid seven livres and fourteen sous a head for our

* A large village, or small fortified town.

† This great man lived to a great age, and died in the reign of Lewis XIII.; he came to court in the reign of that prince, dressed in the costume of the former reign, and on the young courtiers laughing at him, he said, "Sire, your father used to consult me, not laugh at me."

dinner : This place and its environs are much frequented by people of fashion.

Lilliers, the next place, or stage, is a small village.

Aire is four short leagues from St. Omer, and is a neat fortified town ; it has sustained several sieges. There are several handsome churches in it, and the Façade of the Jesuits is much admired ; the country about is very pretty.

The entrance to St. Omer is very fine, as it has a noble appearance on all sides, the town being rather on an ascent, which is a great advantage in a flat country.

It is a large and fine city, the cathedral is very handsome and has a shrine of solid silver. The abbey St. Bertin is well worth the attention of the curious, and the treasury, library, &c. &c. will amply repay the traveller for the pains he takes to see them. It is a very rich society.

The Jesuits' college is a fine foundation, and the terms of the pension very reasonable. They only admit boys from nine to fifteen.

Indeed, when one considers the learning which this order possessed, and the works which we have written by them, we are almost tempted to regret, that the policy of princes found it necessary to suppress their order, though when we consider that it produced a Ravail-lac, who assassinated that great and good prince Henry the Ninth; our pity in a great measure subsides.

The walk round St. Omer on the ramparts is very pretty, but the town itself is dull, notwithstanding the great resort of strangers, especially English, as it is so near the coast. It is only eight leagues from Calais, and a barge or passage-boat comes by the canal every day. It is fifty miles from Lille. They have a custom here of making all persons carry in their hands a light of

some kind, without which in the evening, the centinels will not let you pass.

There is generally a strong garrison at St. Omer, as it is a place of importance, and one of the frontier towns of the province of Artois. There are no very curious convents here; I went to that of the Riche-Clairs, and had a great deal of conversation with the abbess, who was an agreeable woman, and had seen much of the world.

The two chief streets at St. Omer are La Rue de St. Bertin, and Rue de Commandant. I am at a boarding-house, where most of the English go, kept by a blind man named Jean Petit. It is astonishingly reasonable, we only pay twelve livres or ten shillings a week for our board, finding our own breakfast and wine, and we have two good rooms each. Adieu, I mean to go to Dunkirk and from thence to Lille again.

Yours, &c.

Lille, May 12, 1782.

I STAYED a day longer at St. Omer, to go to the plains of Agincourt, so interesting to every Englishman on account of the memorable victory which Henry the Fifth gained over the French, which was followed by the conquest of France.

I wished some one to go with me, but none of my friends had sufficient curiosity, so I determined to set out alone, rather than miss an opportunity which might never occur again. I accordingly mounted a bidet,* in praise of which I cannot say much, as he was almost head over heels every minute, and with my utmost efforts of whip and spur, I could not get him on more than five miles an hour, but the French are not famous for good horses. I

* A small French horse used for riding.

dined, or rather fasted, at Fruges, as it was a *maigre* day ; it is an insignificant village, where, however, they have a Grande Place, if a little dirty square deserves that name, composed of a few huts.

This is six long leagues from St. Omer, in the road to Abbeville, &c.

I walked after dinner to Agincourt, or rather to Azincourt, after the castle of which the battle was named.* It is two miles from Fruges. It is a large plain, and at some distance is the village, where I went to call on the Curé,† who lived in a small thatched house, but he was unfortunately not at home ; however, a man who had occasionally shewn the lions accompanied me.

I saw Maisoncelle, and the other villages, which the historians speak of. The position of the army seems to have

* Vid. Rapin.

† In France the Curés answer to the Incumbents of our churches, and the Vicaire is the Curate.

been admirable, as the small one of Henry had full scope, whereas the other from it's vast superiority,* had not room. I smiled at the guide's shewing me the place where the king stood, and where he said, that he fought *en diable*.†

A chapel is built, in which were buried the French who were slain, and masses are said for their souls.

The castle which gave name to the battle, is now changed into a barn,

Sic transit gloria mundi!

In this extraordinary battle, we know not which most to admire, the

* The French are generally said to have had four times the number of the English, and David Gam, who was sent to survey their army, made that celebrated answer, "there were enough to kill, to be made prisoners, and to run away." This was completely verified, for with the unfortunate massacre of the prisoners, there was 1 archbishop, 3 dukes, 6 counts, 90 barons, 1,500 knights, 7,000 esquires or gentlemen, and 10,000 soldiers. There was also a vast number of prisoners taken, besides the dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the counts of Eu, Vendome, Richemont, &c. &c. The third line of the army retreated without fighting.

† Like a devil.

bravery in the battle, or the modest conduct of Henry after it ; and so desirous was he to avoid the effusion of human blood, that he offered to restore Harfleur, and to make ample amends for all that France had suffered from him since his landing, if they would only allow him a free passage to Calais ; but so infatuated were the French, as to refuse these offers,* as they had done at the battle of Poitiers, when Edward, the Black Prince, even made more liberal offers, and their refusal was the cause of the dreadful evils which France suffered so many years.

This celebrated battle, which decided the fate of France, was fought in 1415, and in the third year of the reign of Henry the Fifth.

Some of the country between St. Omer and Fruges is very pretty, it is hilly, and some part of it woody.

* They are said to have played dice for their prisoners the night before the battle.

The village of Fauconberg in particular, is beautifully situated among meadows, with a clear stream running through it.

Fruges is eleven leagues from Abbeville, near which the battle of Crecy was fought by Edward the Third, I wished that I could have reached it, but had not time.

Thus these two celebrated battles of Crecy and Agincourt, were fought not far from each other: and the Somme, which is not a large river, was always one of great consequence from its situation, when the Kings of England invaded France; and the towns on it were mentioned always as a leading part, in the articles of the treaties.

From St. Omer I set off in the passage boat to Dunkirk, ten leagues from it. This is a cheap and convenient way of travelling, practised almost all through the Low Countries, as in general, there are canals from one

town to another. The boat is drawn by horses, which are changed every seven or eight miles. It would be very pleasant if the horses went faster ; but in general, a league an hour is their pace ; indeed, so regular is this, that they count by hours as often as leagues. We went on shore at a small village called Ostin, to breakfast ; for as their arrival does not depend on any of the land-travelling casualties, such as breaking down, &c. &c. they are in general exact, almost to a minute, and every thing accordingly is provided in readiness for their arrival.

We dined at Bourbourg, where there is a noble abbey of Celestines ; the nuns must all prove their *noblesse*, unmixed with the *canaille* for many generations. Their rule is to dress in black of mornings, and white of an afternoon. The apartments and gardens are neat, and the inhabitants were very polite in conducting us over them.

Bourbourg is a small but neat town, from hence to Dunkirk it is nearly twelve miles, for from St. Omer to Dunkirk it is thirty by water, though only twenty-one by land.

We arrived in the evening, but I stayed so short a time, that I can say but little of it, it is, however, a large, populous, and handsome town, and very neat; and there is a fine lofty tower which is a sea mark, and several handsome buildings. The custom-house officers are very strict, as they not only took two pounds of tea from me, which I had bought for my own use, but also about a quarter of an ounce in a paper which was not smuggled. I contested the matter, but in vain, for they called some of the sentinels to assist them, who were near.

A gentleman however from Lyons, with whom I was going post to Lille, had his pockets stuffed with silks, and escaped with all, from knowing how to

manage them, but *experientia docet*, and I comforted myself with thinking that I should be wiser another time from bought experience, when I should not have too much confidence in the *politesse* of the officers.

We left Dunkirk at half past seven at night, and supped at Cassel, which is a small town beautifully situated on the highest, and indeed only hill in the country, from which it is said, that you may see thirty-six towns; certain it is, that you may see a great many, as the country round is a dead flat. This town is strongly fortified, and is famous for the battle between the duke of Orleans and prince of Orange, when St. Omer was besieged, and the loss of it was followed by the surrender of St. Omer to the duke, 1677.

Between Dunkirk and Cassel is Bergues, the first stage, or rather post, which is two leagues, Cassel three more, Bailleul, a small place, five, Armen-

tieres five, and Lille two, so that the distance is fifty-seven miles. Armen-tieres is a small but strongly fortified town. We got in at five in the morning, just as the gates were opened, for these same gates are a great check to an active mind, both morning, and evening; and a paltry inn, or rather *cabaret*, in the *fauabourgs*, must be your resource for the night, if you happen to be too late, for they will seldom open the gates to you; so that you must hit your time very nicely. When we think on these things, added to many others, how ought we to prize England; happy country of liberty, where gates, bolts, bars and walls are given up for our wooden ones, which answer all the ends of the others, without their inconvenience.

But, perhaps, you will be tired of these reflections. It is astonishing how quick the French postillions are in changing horses in the night; they

make a great noise with their whips before they come to the post-houses, and the new postillion and horses are out immediately ; they are frequently changed in five minutes.

The post belongs to the king, and the postillion's uniform is blue and scarlet, and they usually have long queues, except in Flanders, where they almost all smock, as in Germany.

I intend setting off to morrow to Amiens by way of Arras, where I shall stay some time before I go to Paris, as I am told it is a very good place to get some insight into the language, for a person will make but a poor figure in the capital of a country without speaking the language of it, and there are too many of our countrymen here for me to make much progress in it, and one cannot help mixing with them without being thought singular. I will write to you from Amiens.

Yours, &c.

Amiens, May 20, 1782.

I SET off on the thirteenth for this place, by Arras, dined, or rather *fasted*, at Esclin, a disagreeable bourg, two leagues from Lille, as nothing could be procured but eggs, spinach and milk, it being a *maigre* day; and if it had not been for the kindness of a woman who made me partake of her son's provisions, (as children may break these religious rules and eat meat,) I should have fared but badly. Lannes is the next town, four leagues from Arras; the country about this town is very pretty.

Two leagues from hence is a high hill, called Mount Vannick, which commands a fine and extensive prospect, you may see from it, Bethune, Douay, &c. &c. In general, the road from Lille to Arras is open and unpleasant; the distance is ten leagues.

Arras is the capital of Artois, and is a large and populous city, and would be handsome, if the streets were not so narrow, that you may almost reach from one side to the other.

The cathedral is an old building, with many figures in it as large as the life.

The Grande Place is a handsome, well-built, and regular square ; the wall on the ramparts is very high, and remarkably pleasant, I told from it twenty-six steeples in the town.

The abbey St. Vas is a handsome new building, with so large a front that I reckoned forty-two windows in it.

The environs are very pleasant, and there are many genteel families in the town and neighbourhood.

I set off in the evening for Amiens and breakfasted at Dourlens, distant from it seven leagues. This is a small town, but strongly fortified ; Hernando Teillo, governor for the King of Spain,

took Amiens from it by the well known stratagem of the nuts in 1597*.

The road from Arras to Amiens is rough and very bad in winter, as it is not, like most of the roads in France, paved ; it is in general dull, but towards Amiens there are some good views, as there are woods, and the country becomes more inclosed. The distance between the two cities is fifteen leagues.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

* A number of soldiers, disguised as countrymen and countrywomen carrying nuts to market, which they threw among the soldiers who guarded the gate of Montrescu, got possession of the city in less than half an hour, so that the count de St. Pol had but just time to get into a boat, and escape to Corbie. Vid. Daniel. This appears to have given that great prince Henry the Fourth as much concern as any reverse which he had experienced in his numerous campaigns.

Amiens, June 16, 1782.

THIS is a large, populous, fine city, built on the Somme, it is divided into two parts, the high and the low town, the former is the least populous but the genteelest, and much the most agreeable to live in, as the streets are broad and open, and very pleasant, among gardens, walks, &c. &c. The low town is very much crouded, and the streets dirty and narrow, and the houses ill built, but all the commerce is in this part of the town. The manufacture of Amiens is chiefly prince's stuff; it is a very rich and populous city, and the number of inhabitants is computed at upwards of fifty thousand.

As this is the capital of the fertile province of Picardy, the Intendant chiefly resides here, he has a very good house and gardens.

The town is governed by a provost and mayor, the former for capital causes, and the latter has a court every week at the Hotel de Ville for trifling ones.

Hardly any thing can be conceived more beautiful than the walks on the ramparts, among gardens, meadows, &c. and the Somme, which though narrow is clear and rapid, adds not a little to the scene. The city is about a league in circumference. This is one of the four towns in which is stationed the Garde du Corps. This is a fine regiment, consisting of twelve hundred, all of whom must be gentlemen, six hundred of them are half the year at their own houses; the others are half of them with the King at Versailles, and the other half at Amiens, Beauvais, &c. &c. They change places every quarter; their sole business is to guard the King, and they cannot be obliged to go out of the kingdom on

service. Their uniform is blue and red, and red stockings. Their captain is the marechal de Noailles, who was so much in favour with Louis the Fifteenth. I shall stay here about three months, and shall write as any thing occurs worth remarking. I board at the house of an abbé who is a teacher of languages, and pay a guinea a month for my board, wine only, and tea and sugar, excepted. We do not fare sumptuously, but I hope to make great progress in the language, as I am the only Englishman in the town.

Yours, &c.

Amiens, July 4, 1782.

THE fortifications of this place, for want of repair, are almost fallen down, and it could sustain but a very short siege, though it sustained one in 1597, against a chosen army of Henry the Fourth, commanded by some of his best generals; the marshal de Biron, duc de Mayenne*, &c. and part of the time by the King in person. It held out six months, from April to the end of September, and capitulated on honourable terms.

The King was so pleased with the gallant defence which the marquis de Montenegro had made, that he sent the constable, marechal de Biron, and

* The celebrated chief of the League, and brother to Henry duc de Guise, surnamed le Balafré, assassinated by order of Henry the Third at Blois. The duc de Mayenne, after he had made his peace with Henry the Fourth, was ever after faithful to him, and much trusted by him.

duc de Montbaron, to the Porte de Beauvais to receive him.

The citadel is much neglected, though it has been very strong; it is situated in a romantic spot, but there are in it at present only three officers, and twenty-five invalids, it will hold four thousand conveniently. There were lately one hundred and fifty prisoners in it. From the garden of the commandant is a fine prospect of the town and environs.

I met here a sensible old soldier who had been at the battles of Fontenoi and Minden; he was very intelligent in his account of them, and imputed the loss of the first entirely to the Dutch. There is a very strong magazine in the citadel.

There are in Amiens eleven parishes, the cathedral is one of the finest in France; the altars are remarkably elegant, and the choir large, neat, and well paved.

The grand altar is very curious, instead of a painting to it, there is elegant carved work, intermixed with clouds of open work, through which you see part of the church behind, which has a fine effect.

In the body of the cathedral, is a pulpit very finely carved, which cost a large sum of money, on the top is a figure of Charity.

This church was built by the English, but this is denied by the French. Indeed our countrymen shew their taste at least, by claiming the honour of having built some of the finest churches in France, as this, Notre Dame at Paris, Rouen, &c. &c.

The bishop of Amiens has a good revenue, as most of the bishops of France have, but it requires much interest to get a bishopric, and they are generally of the noblesse. His house and gardens are good, and he has a noble library. His income is one of the smallest among

the bishops, and it is fifteen hundred pounds a year*. I have been so fortunate as to see the *Fête Dieu* since I have been here, which is the finest in the year. The procession was very grand, and consisted of more than two hundred persons, monks, parish-priests, and canons of the cathedral, after them came the bishop superbly dressed in his pontificals, and the dean and arch-deacon under a canopy. On each side of the canopy, marched the Garde du Corps, richly dressed, with drawn swords, and colours flying; There were crosses innumerable carried, but the *Bon Dieu* was reserved for the bishop.

The procession was received in the Grande Place by some more of the same corps on horseback, with drums beating, &c. The priests shouted all the way, and the streets through which

* The bishops in general are eminent for piety and charity, though perhaps not so learned as ours.

the procession passed were covered in with canvas and boughs; if to this be added the gay dresses of the people, the whole formed a beautiful scene.

I am the only Englishman here, so that I have a chance of improving in the language. I meet with no incivilities, though at their desire, I talk politics every day at the *Caff  Militaire* with the officers.

The news of Rodney's victory did not gain credit for some time, and when I went to the coffee-house, I heard one officer answer another who asked him what he thought of it, that he thought the English were great liars; another said, that it was impossible that the Ville de Paris could be taken, as it could withstand all the efforts of the English fleet several days together; this shews what judges they are of naval affairs. Their behaviour, however, towards me did not alter in the

least*; De Grasse was universally blamed, and on my espousing his cause, they said the English would do this, to make the triumph of their own commander greater; they seem however to think he was not well supported. We have been very gay here with a fair at the Bourse, or Exchange; it lasted several days, and the shops were beautifully set off; this sort of amusement suits this lively people well, and it was constantly attended.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

* What a contrast between this conduct and that of the French at present, in this reign of terror.

Amiens, July 8, 1782.

THERE are in Amiens eleven convents of men, and the same number of women ; of those, the Paraclets is one of the best ; that of the Celestins is abolished ; the King gave them their choice, either to return to the rules of their original institution, from which they had much deviated, or leave the convent ; they chose the latter, as they could not give up their luxurious way of living ; there are only ten or twelve of them, he allowed them fourteen hundred livres* a year each.

I went a few days ago to see a battle of beasts, or rather bears and bulls baited by dogs, the former were staked down, but even in this situation, the dogs escaped with great difficulty ; but the most curious thing of all was a bull-dog attacking a wheel of fire, he

* Nearly sixty pounds a year.

was drawn up into the air with it by a pulley, and in spite of the noise, sparks, &c. he kept his hold two or three minutes, till the wheel was burnt, and he was taken down holding as fast as ever.

L'Haulois is a very pleasant walk*, about half a mile from the town; there is wood, water, &c. it is much resorted to in holydays, there is a coffee-house in the midst of it, well provided with good cream, cakes, &c.

The play-house is an elegant building, erected within these few years, and the players by no means bad. The first boxes are thirty-six sous.

There is a college at Amiens, otherwise a free school, in which are above six hundred boys, but the master and professors are not paid well, the former has twelve hundred livres a year, and the profit of the garden; the latter

* The environs of this beautiful walk are so full of large frogs, that their noise is quite disagreeable.

eleven hundred, equal to between forty and fifty pounds ; there are often experiments made in natural philosophy in the hall.

Although provisions, &c. are very reasonable in this country, the salaries of the master, &c. should certainly be one hundred pounds, seventy at least ; as men of talents and learning ought to be encouraged.

The hospital for old people and orphans is a very noble foundation, and every care is taken of them ; at a proper age the children are put out to some trade, at the expence of the fund.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

Amiens, July 12, 1782.

I HAVE been to see the abbey St. Achelle, which is about a mile from this town.

The church is neat, and the gardens very pretty, but the convent, though a handsome building, has a desolate appearance, as there are not above four or five monks in it: the rest are generally at Paris*.

The walk to the abbey is pleasant, with gardens on each side, and there are some good views. Picardy is a fine province, and if it does not produce wine and oil, its fields are well cultivated, and supply France with abundance of fine wheat.

* Surely no one can blame the policy of suppressing monastic institutions, when this, and similar instances so frequently occur, of their quitting their monastery, where they might be of some use, for the only thing to be said in favour of the monks, is their charity and hospitality.

I have also been to see the Chateau d'Eau, which is a very curious building, ninety feet high. It supplies twelve fountains in the town with water, and the water is made to ascend to the top of the tower by the force of engines.

This afternoon, a poor abbé was set at liberty, at the intercession of my good-natured landlord, who had been confined a year in prison, on bread and water, and slept on straw. He was arrested at the gates because he had not a passport, and though he had written several letters to his friends, he received no answer, and supposes they were never sent.

This poor man was of Bruxelles, and a quiet inoffensive man ; but nobody searched into the affair ; one instance among many, of the evils of a despotic government.

I saw here, the other day, the manner of their funerals. The priests, and a number of attendants, accompanied

the corps through great part of the town, chaunting the whole way, but when they came to the grave, the body was deposited in it with very little ceremony. How different from the awful, solemn service, used by us on the like occasion.

When the priests visit the sick, they also go in procession the whole way, carrying the Host or *Bon Dieu* in ceremony, and chaunt the service as they go along. They often elevate the Host, when all who are present, are expected to fall down on their knees. In short all their religious ceremonies appear to me full of pageantry, very different from the plain and simple ones of the Protestant religion.

I am,

Yours, &c.

Amiens, July 22, 1782.

• We have been very gay here, preparing for the arrival of le comte and comtesse du Nord,* who took this place in their route to Paris; there was a play ordered for them, but they came too late to see it. They remained but a short time in the town, but were affable and pleased with the attention shewed to them.

I have been, since I wrote last, to see the king's baths, which I think neither commodious nor agreeable. The garden in which they are, is a physic one.

I have also been into the bishop's garden and palace, it is a large low building, but there is a new part which joins to the chapel, and looks into the

* The late unfortunate Paul, emperor of Russia, son of Catherine the Second, and father of the present emperor.

garden, moderately high, in which is an excellent library, and a very neat room with an oaken floor.

The garden is good, and there is an elegant piece of water in it.

The chapel is plain and neat, the servants shewed me the bishop's robes for the different festivals, which were numerous, and all very rich. Among other things I saw a curious little cabinet, made by the nuns of St. Clair. In it the late bishop is represented saying mass, a capuchin on one side, and the abbess on the other.

In the different parts were three or four more nuns, all cut out of bone, and the dresses were done exceedingly well.*

As I begin to converse tolerably in the language, I propose setting out in

* The nuns, in general, are very ingenious in works of fancy, pocket-books, pincushions, &c. These are exhibited when you go to the convents, and it is expected that you make some purchases.

a few days for Paris. I have every reason to speak well of the Amienois, for the politeness and attention which I have experienced among them. I constantly frequent *le Caffé Militaire*, and in spite of the situation in which the two countries are placed, nothing unpleasant ever passed between the military and myself, so that my *séjour* has been very agreeable : I will write to you soon.

I am,

Yours, &c.

Paris, August 2, 1782.

I PURSUED my intention of leaving Amiens, and went through Hebecourt, a small village and post, and Flers, another, and arrived at Breteuil, a post and an half from Flers, here I took some refreshment; this is a very neat bourg, alias, a town not fortified.

To St Just is a post, and Clermont two: here I stayed all night, as, having loitered, I could not reach Chantilly according to my first intention.

From Amiens to Clermont the country in general is open and disagreeable. Clermont is a small, but by no means an unpleasant town, and finely situated on a hill. About two miles from it is a handsome house, which belonged formerly to a natural son of the Pretender, the grounds of which are well laid out. From Clermont a great change begins to appear in the face of the country;

vineyards, and an inclosed beautiful country, well wooded, now take place of an open and dreary one. I set off early the next morning, that I might have some time to see Chantilly; to Longueville is a post and a quarter, and one and an half to Chantilly, where I was very glad to get some breakfast. The palace at Chantilly belongs to the prince de Condé, the second prince of the blood, and came into his family by the marriage of one of his ancestors, with the heiress of the great Montmorenci.

I cannot give so full an account of this place, which is truly magnificent, as I could wish; for I was in so great a hurry to get to Paris, that I had not time enough to see it. The castle is large, and full of grand apartments, in one of which is a fine museum; the gardens and grounds, which are extensive, are laid out in the greatest perfection, the servant brought us to a place in

them, where four ways meet, and in each of them the view is boundless: there is a vast quantity of fine water, which comes very near the house, and pleasure boats of every kind in abundance. L'Isle d'Amour is by no means the least beautiful spot in this charming place. I shall finish my account of Chantilly in my next.

Yours, &c.

Paris, August 2, 1782.

THE prince of Condé has two hundred thousand sterling a year, and lives in a truly magnificent manner.* Besides his other servants, which are numerous, he has above a hundred Gardes de Chasse, as he is very strict in the preservation of his game, which is in great abundance; if the game-keepers detect any poachers, their least punishment is being sent to the galleys for life; such is the arbitrary conduct of the princes of the blood in this despotic government; how happy ought we to think ourselves in living in one which is limited.

* Since this was written, this prince is a fugitive wanderer in foreign courts ever since the great French revolution: another strong instance of the instability of human greatness, and the evils of this revolution, though partial good may have been produced.

The stables at Chantilly are the most magnificent in the world, and much too grand for the use to which they are appropriated ; they are built of the finest stone, and kept in the nicest order ; there are in general above two hundred horses in them ; the chief part English ; as is usually the case in the studs of the men of fashion in this country. You see hares, pheasants, and partridges, in all parts of these extensive and delightful grounds ; and they are so tame, that they cross the high road, and come near travellers without the least fear ; the fish ponds are full of remarkably large and curious fish ; in short, there is nothing wanting in this delightful place ; the prince and the duc de Bourbon his son are very fond of it, and spend a great deal of time in it, as it is only thirty miles from Paris.

A traveller ought to dedicate a day at least to this place, as he cannot sur-

vey it's numberless beauties in less time. The village of Chantilly is neat, but has nothing remarkable in it ; there is a tolerable inn in it, but as may be imagined very dear.

I forgot to mention that, two leagues from Chantilly, we passed by an old castle, famous for the confinement of Charles the Sixth, king of France, in his times of madness ; it is said that cards were invented to amuse this prince, who was grandfather to Henry the Sixth, king of England, who kept the crown of France, till Charles the Seventh, surnamed the Victorious,* recovered what his father had so shamefully given away, by the help of that

* The character of this licentious prince seems to have been much mistaken ; he was certainly very fortunate in his generals and ministers, for such a general as le comte de Dunois, or such a minister as Tannegui du Châtel are seldom found ; the latter it was the peculiar misfortune of Charles to be obliged to dismiss from his service.

heroine, the Maid of Orleans, so much celebrated by the pen of Voltaire. At this castle we crossed a small river which empties itself into the Seine, and entered into the Isle of France. I shall finish the rest of my journey to Paris in my next.

Adieu.

Paris, August 4, 1782.

LEAVING Chantilly, we proceeded through Luzarches and Econen, two insignificant villages, to St. Denis; where we took some refreshment. This is a large old dirty town, but famous for the Royal Abbey, in which the kings and queens of France have been buried for several centuries; I shall hope to give a further account of this in a future letter. From St. Denis to Paris it is two posts, one, and the Poste Royale, but not above three English miles; the road is straight and disagreeably uniform and flat, between two rows of trees; and there is much wanted a hill, like Deptford or Shooter, from which you might see Paris to advantage. After a very pleasant journey, I got safe to Paris early in the evening, and was set down at L' Hotel

au nom de Jesus*, where I was not sorry to get a cup of tea, à l' Angloise.

From Chantilly to Luzarches, the road was particularly beautiful through the grounds of the prince, and indeed most of the road to Paris made ample amends for the disagreeable country I had gone through from Amiens for several miles. If you have no chaise, and the Inn-keeper furnishes you with one, you pay each post for it, as for a horse.

And you generally get a crazy vehicle, with torn leather curtains that will not keep out the cold: like an old English one-horse-chaise; and you have the trouble and inconvenience besides of changing your luggage every post; therefore the best way for a traveller, who does not bring a chaise from England, is to buy a cabriolet, he may very

* This title and that of L'Esprit, at Cologne, seem very strange when applied to Inns, but foreigners are very inconsistent in their religious notions.

often get one for twelve or fourteen Louis d'ors, that will answer his purpose very well, and may dispose of it when he has finished his journey with very little loss, nay, often to advantage, if he meets with any body on his return, who is setting out on his tour*.

The stated price for post horses is twenty-five sols for each horse, and the post master can oblige you to take three, for a cabriolet; but if it is a very light one, they will sometimes agree with you for thirty, or two and thirty sols at most; this is supposing there are two in the chaise, as if there is but one, they can oblige you to have but two horses; the established price to the postillions is ten sous each post, but if you do not make it up twenty, or twenty four, you will travel slowly and very uncomfortably, for they are all so connected, that they acquaint each

* Monsieur Dessin, at Calais, will furnish him with one.

other with what is given, as the common interest is concerned, and ten to one, if you do not attend to their grumblings, but they do some mischief to your chaise and harness.

Going in and out of Paris, Lyons, and one or two more towns, you pay a double post, as it is called a *Poste Royale*.

You travel about six miles an hour, and though they stop so often to change horses, it is done very expeditiously, and they soon change their rope harness. I have frequently come to a post in the middle of the night, when the postillion was to be rouzed out of a sound sleep: he has risen and put to the horses, and been off in less than ten minutes. The postillions generally night and day drive in night-caps; those and their long queues under them, have a most ridiculous appearance; the monstrous jack-boots which they put over their shoes are very useful, as their

horses are very apt to fall, and they take off the force of the blow.

The postillions are dressed in blue turned up with red, which is the King's livery, (as he regulates all the posts) and cocked hats ; when they come to a post or town, they always violently smack their whip, which is not very pleasant to a traveller. They ride a little horse or bidet, and drive the other two, of which the shaft one is largest ; altogether, it seems very odd to an English jockey, and not a little awkward. By this time, I fancy that you are as tired with reading as I am with writing, so I will release you.

Yours, &c.

Paris, August 5, 1782.

The entrance into Paris by the rue St. Denis does not give a stranger a very favourable opinion of it, as this street is narrow and very dirty, and full of old houses, but the Porte St. Denis is a very handsome one, and like most of the gates in Paris, has a great deal of sculpture on it. They in general represent some of the conquests of Louis Quatorze, as every thing was done to raise the vanity of that monarch, who was naturally vain enough in himself.

This city is said to contain about eight hundred thousand inhabitants, I shall not here enter into the long contested opinion which is largest, London or Paris ; it is sufficient to say, that they are the two first cities in Europe ; though quite in a different way, as London having the advantage of a fine

navigable river, which Paris has not, is quite commercial ; the Seine is small, though a pretty river, and is only navigable for barges.

The Parisian houses are so much higher than those of London, that I cannot think the former contains two hundred thousand inhabitants less than the latter, but these things are chiefly matters of opinion, and are not exactly determined ; this is certain, that in walking the streets, you find a great difference, for the crowd of passengers is so great in London, that you can hardly get along, whereas in the most frequented street of Paris, which is the rue St. Honoré, you may walk at all times without being incommoded with a crowd. As the streets are very narrow and dirty, and there is no *trottoir*, ladies cannot walk without great inconvenience ; you are continually alarmed with the cry of ‘garde, garde,’ from the coachmen, who drive their coaches close

to the houses. I am astonished that in such a city as Paris, they have not as yet hit on some security for foot passengers; but in this city, no attention is paid but to the rich and the great; the lower order of people is entirely neglected. I shall see all that I can of this place, and trouble you pretty often with my letters; commend me to all my English friends.

Yours sincerely, &c.

Paris, August 8, 1782.

I HAVE bought a plan of the city, which I think is one of the first things a traveller should do, as it is as necessary as a book of the posts. This plan of Paris will save him a vast deal of trouble in his walks ; both this, and also one of the environs, are to be bought on the quays ; the sellers moderately ask six livres for them, and take three ; and in general, at Paris, you must not venture to give, at most, above half what you are asked, for any thing that you have need to buy.

The old city of Paris, which now goes by the name of La Cité, is very inconsiderable, and the fauxbourgs or suburbs, as in London, are by much the greatest part of it.

Paris was formerly very strong, and under the administration of the Duc de Mayenne stood a considerable siege, and resisted the power of Henry the Third, till it was at length taken by his glorious successor, Henry the Fourth*, who added fresh laurels to those which he had already reaped. At present the fortifications are neglected, and the gates are not shut.

Although the houses are lofty and built of stone, as there are quarries very near, yet is Paris badly built.

The streets are narrow and dirty, and they greatly need a *trottoir*, which adds so much to the beauty and convenience of London and Westminster; it is with the greatest difficulty that you can avoid the carriages. As I am now going to walk

* So quietly did this great prince take possession of the city, after this famous siege, that the shops were all opened the same day, and he went to a card party in the evening.

out, I must finish for the present ; commend me to all my English friends ; assure yourself that the charms of this gay city are not able to make me forget how truly

I am,

Yours, &c.

Paris, August 12, 1782.

IF London has the advantage in cleanliness, breadth, and pavement, Paris, in its turn, is not behind hand with it in many things, and in many is superior to it ; the palaces, gardens, and walks are charming, and with regard to the quays, I never saw any so pretty, except those of Dublin, which much resemble them ; you have a beautiful and broad walk along the Seine, without the least fear of being incommoded by the coaches, and there are shops all the way, decorated in the prettiest manner imaginable ; but one of the pleasantest spots in Paris is, I think, the Boulevards, which is a walk quite round it, something like the circular road at Dublin, separating the city from the suburbs ; it is broad, beautifully planted with trees on each side,

and full of all kinds of houses of entertainment, the continual concourse of people makes it resemble a fair, and you never fail to meet elegant and splendid equipages, as people of fashion generally take their airings here. In this charming place is the Opera House, which is a noble building; the former was burnt down a few years ago, and the new one is a fine rotund. The singers and dancers are good, and you may have a seat from the first box, which is twelve livres, or ten shillings, to the parterre which is but one shilling.

The Louvre is a most magnificent palace built of stone, and is said to be only excelled by the Escorial; I believe I do not exaggerate when I say that it is half a mile in length; from Louis the Thirteenth, the kings of France have never resided here, as Louis Quatorze improved, and indeed almost wholly rebuilt Versailles, intending to

make it the place of his residence, which he effected. And now, though the king and queen often come to the Plays at Paris, they never stay the night in it, but always return to Versailles or some of their country houses*.

At breakfast, I look over my plan of the city, and arrange my walks for the day, by which means I can see what is curious, without walking further than is necessary; as it is, I am so tired at night that I do not want laudanum to lull me to sleep; I have been out all day, which must plead my excuse for not adding any more at present.

Yours, &c.

* At present, the states here obliged the king and queen to reside at the Louvre, as they hold their sittings in it, 1790.

Paris, August 14, 1782.

I HAVE been this morning rambling to see the curious things of this city, and now sit down to give you some account of them ; and first of the Louvre, which I just mentioned in my last. This noble palace was begun by François Premier, and continued by Henri Second his son and successor, under François Second, whose reign was very short, little was done to it ; but in spite of the civil wars which raged with such violence under his two brothers, Charles Neuf and Henri Trois, this building was much improved, and considerable additions were made to it.

Henri Quatre was so fond of Fontainebleau, as it was convenient for his favourite amusement of hunting, that he resided here as little as possible, but his son Louis Treize, and after him,

Louis Quatorze put the finishing stroke to it ; though the latter afterwards lived wholly at Versailles.

At present the Louvre is used for the exhibition of painting, the French academy, &c. : a great number of officers have apartments in it : the exhibition of paintings also is in a large room, but greatly inferior to that at Somerset House, you pay nothing for admittance, unless you have a book, for which you are charged twelve sous, and this plan is I think a very liberal one.

In a fine gallery are the victories of Alexander the Great, by le Brun. In short, the apartments of the Louvre are used for the best and most useful purposes.

You go through the Louvre to the much celebrated garden of the Tuilleries, nor is it undeservedly celebrated, as it is a charming spot; those who

compare it with St. James's park, in my opinion err much in the comparison, as one is a park and the other completely a pleasure garden, laid out in walks and parterres ; here are chairs in abundance for those that are weary ; you are shewn a window of the Louvre, from which Charles the Ninth, that weak and bloody minded prince, fired on the Huguenots, at the fatal massacre of Paris. The Thuilleries run along the Seine a great way, and leaving them, you come into the Champs Elizeés, which is a shady walk for retirement, as that of the Thuilleries is for those who are inclined to be gay ; in these walks in a morning, and from six to eight in the evening, are to be found most of the gay and unthinking, the melancholy and gloomy of both sexes at Paris ; and in them is transacted all that relates to politicks, business or pleasure ; you see gentlemen saying

soft things to their mistresses, and arm in arm with them in almost every walk, in short, as the French are great loungers, these places of public resort are seldom empty. I am called away, so will finish this by and by.

Yours, &c.

BETWEEN the 'Thuilleries and the Champs Elizeés, is the unfinished part of the Place de Louis Quinze, with a fine statue of that monarch, who so little merited the epithet of *bien aimé* from his subjects; here is the Colisée, a handsome building, which is only open at a particular time of the year, and where there is music, dancing, lotteries, &c.

The place de Louis Quinze will be truly noble, when finished: it is quite in the country, and from it you have a fine view of the Hospital of the Invalids, the Ecole Militaire, and Champ de Mars, on the opposite side of the river.

I am at an exceeding good hotel, and have a comfortable apartment; these hotels find you nothing but rooms, but the *Traiteur* will supply you with dinners and suppers, from one shilling a head, to whatever price you please, but excellent ones at half a crown; tea or coffee, you must have from the coffee-

house, which will be five pence a time. The best way is, for a stranger, to take a Valet de Place, which the master of the hotel will procure him, he will give him forty sols a day, and have no further trouble with him, as he finds himself in every thing. Since I have been here, I have had several to offer their services, in large bags and deep ruffles ; they accost you in a most easy way *Monsieur est etranger, & veut voir les curiosities de la ville* ; as I fortunately am acquainted with the language, I have no need to trouble these fine gentleman, though sometimes, I assure you, one has great trouble to get rid of their importunities.

I generally dine at the 'Table d'Hôtes, as in this country, you are certain of finding good company at them : and a traveller who wishes to get some insight into the customs and the language of the country, may improve himself much by frequenting them. You will gene-

rally meet a great many of the military, who speak the language with a very good accent ; there are two courses and a dessert ; first, *soupe* and *bouilli*, this you have constantly, as well in the burning month of August, as the freezing one of January ; secondly, an *entree*, consisting of all manner of made dishes, many of which an Englishman's stomach revolts as, though with this, there is a dish of *roti* ; thirdly, an elegant dessert, composed of all kinds of pastry and the fruits of the season : this is excellent, as the French excel in pastry.

Onions are necessary ingredients in almost all their made dishes, as they are very fond of this root.

They have hardly any good meat, except veal ; as to their beef, in general it is very bad. For the dinner, just mentioned, in a provincial town, you will pay thirty sous, and if you wish to be generous, three or four sols to the *garçon* who officiously waits upon you,

and with a pity-moving countenance, not to be resisted, comes round to the company, and says with a low bow, *et pour le garçon* ; but at Paris, you cannot well dine for less than half a crown a head.

When a Frenchman comes to these Table d'Hôtes, he struts into the room with a most consequential air, and his hat on, looking very conceited, but on his entrance, he always takes it off to the company, and generally puts it on, to eat his dinner, which to an Englishman has a strange appearance ; he next takes his place, by turning a plate upside down, and when he sits down tucks his napkin in his stock, or pins it to his waistcoat, lest he should drop some gravy on his full dressed cloaths : for as to clean, or fine linen, they hardly know what it means ; and neither of those comes into a Frenchman's idea of dress. After these preparations, they take their seat and are very

civil and obliging, always offering to strangers and the company the things on the table, before they take of them themselves ; a bottle of wine, where it is reasonable, is set between two ; this varies so much according to the country, that one cannot even mention the average price ; on this side of Paris however, and at Paris, you cannot have tolerable wine with your dinner under thirty sous a bottle. The French finish their dinner and wine together and have not the least idea, like the English, of drinking by themselves when the ladies are gone ; a Frenchman, on hearing of this custom, lifts up his hands in astonishment and cries ; *mon Dieu ! quels barbares, quels sauvages !*

One thing is very comfortable, at a French inn, however bad a dinner you may sometimes be obliged to put up with, and however disagreeable appearance a dirty bed-room may have to dine in, you are always certain to

have a clean table cloth and napkins ; I wish I could say as much for them with regard to knives, for unless you carry one with you, you must either be without one or borrow one which is too dirty to be used, as an Englishman is not very fond of using a knife taken out of a dirty pocket, and perhaps if they are very neat, wiped by their coat, or handkerchief, for I do not exaggerate in saying they are a very dirty nation. The French use nothing but their forks, for their meat is so much done, that it shakes to pieces ; when a leg of mutton is on the table, of which they are very fond, the knuckle is done round with white paper, and they take hold of it with one hand, and cut slices of it with the other, and send round to the company, and this is their constant custom. I have written an intolerably long letter, but I hope you will excuse it, as it comes from

Yours, sincerely.

Paris, August 17, 1782.

I HAVE been this morning along the quays, to the Celestins, and passed by la place de Grève, where public executions are held, but, to the honor of the police, they are but few. The author of the *Tableau de Paris*,* gives miserable accounts of the regulations in Paris, but the Parisians themselves deny the whole, as they do indeed every thing which that sensible writer asserted.

In the church of the Celestins, are the monuments of several of the kings of France, the Montmorencis, Brisacs, and indeed of several distinguished and noble families. Here also is the heart of François Second, the husband of the beautiful, but unfortunate queen of Scots.

* An ingenious book written by Monsieur Mercier.

Near this gloomy place is the little Isle de Louvier, crowded with stacks of wood, as it supplies this city with that useful article, and notwithstanding, firing is one of the dearest things in Paris.

Just by the Celestins are the gardens of the Arsenal*, which is well stored with ammunition; these are much resorted to by persons who live in this part of the city; near this, is the Bastile†, the gloomy receptacle of unfortunate prisoners of state.

It is built very strong, with eight towers, and has a deep moat round it; it was erected by Philip le Bel, the cruel monarch who destroyed the Templars. Persons are hurried away with a *lettre de cachet* into this prison, and every thing is transacted with such secrecy,

* Henry Quatre was going to inspect this, when he was assassinated by Ravaillac.

† Since this was written, the Bastile has been pulled down to the ground, and not a wreck remains.

that the family of the prisoners do not know where they are ; nor is it ever known how many are in it ; they are often confined for twenty years, and sometimes the greatest part of their lives ; there was an instance many years ago, of a man, who after a tedious imprisonment in it, either by a change of ministry or the death of the king, I forget which, obtained his liberty, and immediately went to his house, which he found occupied by another family, and himself not known in the least, nor could he by the most diligent enquiry discover any of his relations, or find any that recollected him but an old servant ; he was so much shocked at being obliged to begin the world again without friends or acquaintance, that he went to the minister and besought him with tears to suffer him to return to the Bastile, but even this was refused him.

When they are fortunate enough to regain their liberty they must be cau-

tious not to mention the least thing relating to their confinement, by which means little was known relative to these particulars, till an ingenious author* published lately, a full history of the Bastile.

Such are the fruits of a despotic monarchy ; how much to be envied is the liberty of an Englishman, whom his Magna Charta defends from every cruelty, which ambition might attempt, or tyranny inflict.

It is said, however, that the French are asserting their liberty, and having endeavoured to obtain it for the Americans, next mean to take care of themselves ; if so the King and Ministry are rightly punished for their interference in the American war: for I am of the poet's opinion, that it is quite right, *necis artifices arte perire sua ?*

* Monsieur Mercier.

At all events, if *lettres de cachet** are abolished, which it is said they will be, the first stone of the building is razed, which will, I hope, terminate in liberty ; and the commercial treaty, which must make us more connected, will not a little advance this great work, and teach the French to be men instead of slaves.

There certainly never prevailed a greater freedom of speech than at present. Military and civil men, who formerly dared not avow their sentiments, now speak them openly, and without the least caution.

I have met with an officer, in particular, an experienced and sensible man, who spoke of persons of high rank very freely, and did not scruple to impute the bad state of the kingdom, to the weak councils of interested ministers.

* These are blank warrants signed by the King, which the Minister has at his disposal, and inserts whatever name he chuses.

The remonstrances of the parliament* now breathe the spirit of Englishmen, jealous of their freedom and government, by sending them into banishment and being soon obliged to recall them, shews that it is not so able to resist them as formerly ; add to this, they are destroying religious societies very fast, which though a useful measure, as it will promote population, and bring riches into circulation, requires great power and firmness to execute, in a nation which still retains some remains of its former bigotry; and this plainly appears from the reign of Henry the Eighth, who if he had been a prince of less courage, power, and resolution, must have yielded to the

* Happy had it been for the nation, had the Representatives of it proceeded with the same moderation with which they began; those dreadful scenes would then have been avoided, which were a disgrace to a civilized people.

rude shocks which he sustained so repeatedly*.

As then, they appear to approach nearer to us in religion, politicks, and manners. I cannot help being sanguine enough to entertain the opinion of our being hereafter as firm allies, as we have been for so many centuries inveterate enemies; and that as national prejudices are daily becoming weaker, and the shackles of superstition dropping off, amends may be made for those deluges of blood, which have been shed in supporting quarrels which ambition made, and faction maintained. In this case, the British† and Gallic flag would be an ample match for all the nations in the world.

A French gentleman was with me, and would not let me look long at the

* Religious Societies are now suppressed.

† The British one alone, it appears, is sufficient for this.

Bastile, though he had before assured me that the report was false, of your not being suffered to survey it with attention. I left it there, thankful for the blessing of freedom, and pitying the unfortunate condition of the poor prisoners, who are deprived of the light of the sun. I am now so tired that I shall resume my narrative after dinner.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

AS I promised in my last, I resume my peregrinations.

After having refreshed myself, I crossed the Seine on the Pont Notre Dame, which is old and narrow, and went to the cathedral situated in the center of the Isle Notre Dame. It is an old and fine building with two noble towers, which are said to have been formerly much higher than they are at present; this church also is said to have been built by the English when Henry the Sixth was king of France, and English architects crowded in such abundance to France. This island is the centre of Paris, and full of inhabitants.

I went afterwards to the Enfants Trouvés, from whence was taken the plan of our Foundling hospital. This is however, on a much more enlarged scale, as they take in all that offer,

whereas in London they are balloted for. There are computed to be in this hospital three thousand children, and they often take in twenty a day, they are kept very neat and all put out to some business.

The Hotel Dieu adjoining, is a noble foundation for the sick, in this also, there are three thousand persons who are taken the greatest care of.

The archbishop's palace just by the cathedral, is a handsome building, his revenues are above eight thousand pounds a year, and he is the first archbishop, though he is not a peer of the kingdom, as, though there are in this kingdom eighteen archbishops, and one hundred and thirteen bishops, only six of them are peers. The see of Paris is generally given to a man of great consequence *, as he is much about the court.

* The famous Harlay, who lived in the reign of Louis Quatorze, was archbishop of Paris.

The Palace* also is in this island, where the courts of justice are held.

Besides the Isle de Notre Dame, formed as this is, by the division of the Seine into two branches, that of St. Louis, and Louvre which I have mentioned, only the former is inhabited.

I crossed over the other branch of the Seine and once more got on the main land, where the first thing which I came to, worthy of being seen was the Sorbonne, situated in the rue St. Jaques.

This is a handsome square, in which reside the doctors so famous for determining casuistical questions. To these literati among many others, our Henry the Eighth applied, touching the validity of his marriage with Catharine of Arragon, when he was fully determined how to proceed; however, the re-

* This answers to Westminster-Hall, as to the use made of it.

verend gentlemen fortunately decided in his favour.

The church of the Sorbonne is a handsome one, and the dome well worth seeing, but the thing which most merits the attention of the curious, is the monument of that patron of letters, cardinal Richlieu, the Mécænas of the age in which he lived, who was buried here: it is by Girardon, and is esteemed one of the finest pieces of sculpture in the world; the cardinal is in a recumbent posture; at his feet, is Science weeping at his death, and at his head, Religion and two other smaller figures, the whole is cut out of the same piece of marble.

I could not help reflecting on the vanity of human grandeur, as I looked on the effigy of a man who had made so many tremble even at his look, and who by his wonderful abilities, had made his country dreaded by its neigh-

bours, and raised the foundation of that glory which Louis the Fourteenth afterwards acquired, but the most extraordinary part of this great minister's character was, that in spite of the machinations of the nobles, and even the king and the queen, he lived to humble the power of the former, which never could be done before, and triumphed over all their repeated attempts to displace him, and died in full possession of his honours ; hated, feared, and respected by all the world. It was fortunate I think for Louis the Thirteenth, that he survived his minister so short a time as three months ; for though he seemed happy that death had freed him from a man he both hated and feared, but could not get rid of, yet he would shortly have found the difference in his successor. In short, whether we consider this great man as a man of letters or patron of the learned, as a statesman

or a warrior, we shall find him one of the greatest ministers that France ever had, nor had he need of this monument to perpetuate his fame.

Adieu, for the present,

Yours, &c.

FROM the Sorbonne, I went to the college of Louis le Grand, which is one of the eight that compose the University of Paris. There are two Squares in it, the first of which is tolerably large ; but there is nothing elegant in either of them ; the plan of this, as indeed of all the French Universities, is very different from ours, as it is for much younger people, and more resembles our schools.

Not far from this, I passed by the magnificent skeleton of the church of St. Genevieve, which has been building many years, and will be many more before it is finished ; there is here too, a very good library.

I was now in the heart of the rue St. Jaques, in which live almost all the Booksellers, and came to the Carmelites, where Madame la Valliere, the

amiable and unfortunate mistress of Louis the Fourteenth, lies buried.

The fate of this lady was peculiarly hard; she was the only one of his mistresses which loved him for himself, but yet could not long keep the heart of that fickle monarch, but was supplanted by an infinitely less amiable one, *Madamede Montespan**; *Madame la Valliere* † however, shewed the greatest fortitude on this trying occasion, and retired from the world to this place, at the age of thirty, and in full possession of all her charms, at leisure to lament her too great credulity; she

* *Athenais de Mortimer*, *Marchioness de Montespan*, was mistress to *Lewis the Fourteenth*, from 1669 to 1676; her ascendancy over the King was so great, that she by her interest, made her brother, *Le Due Vironne*, Marshall of France.

† *La Duchesse de la Valliere*, daughter to *Madame de la Remi*, and maid of honor to *Madame*, wife of *Monsieur*; and sister to *Charles the Second*, king of England. The celebrated and beautiful Dutchess of Orleans, who died in the prime of life, poisoned, as is supposed.

made this sacrifice without a tear, and in the long series of years, which she passed here, no less than thirty five, seems to have grieved at nothing materially but the ill-conduct of her son, who is by many supposed to have been the state prisoner in the iron mask, so much spoken of by Voltaire, and others under the name of the Count de Vermandois; Mademoiselle de Blois, her daughter, gave her great comfort, and was a long time the ornament of the court of France. The order of the Carmelites is very strict, and they are seen by no person; the chapel is a most elegant building, and full of very fine paintings; among the rest, is one of Madame le Valliere, as a Magdalen, at least as you are told, but it has by no means that mild penitential countenance which you are taught to expect in that lady; she was a very considerable benefactress to this convent.

A little farther are the English

Benedictins, to which every Englishman must go, to see the remains of James the Second.

A man conducted me into a chapel adjoining the church, where is a coffin unburied, covered with black cloth, with the arms of France and England on it, which contains the body of that weak and bigotted Prince, who, as the jester of Louis the Fourteenth said, lost three kingdoms for a mass, and indeed he was unworthy of one, as he plainly shewed, by his pusillanimous behaviour afterwards. In a glass case is his head in wax taken when he was dead.

I had often heard that prince was not yet buried, but could never hear the reason of it, but my conductor explained it, and told me that the Pretender never would suffer his father to be interred; as he hoped to bring him to his ancestors in Westminster abbey, after having got possession of the British crown: so I fancy, James is likely to

remain unburied, and must be contented with masses said daily for the good of his soul.

His posterity, without doubt, have given over all hopes of this, and followed the track of heroes and kings, in being put under ground. His natural children and grand-children lie here; and a few weeks ago the funeral of the duc de Fitzjames was celebrated with great pomp.

The English Benedictins are chiefly from Lancashire; they have several good benefices belonging to them, and one of them a thousand a year; these they succeed to, by rotation, and share the profits among them. After several years residence in the convent, they have leave given them to see their friends in England. They have a very good garden, and convenient apartments, and live very comfortably. The refectory is a very handsome one, in it is a fine portrait of the pretender, and many of his family.

I was fortunate enough to find a sensible, conversible man among them; who endeavoured a long while to convert me, and made use of some very specious arguments for that purpose; he assured me that the portrait at the Carmelites was not drawn for madame la Valliere, which I was much rejoiced at, as it did not please me; by this time you are as tired of reading as I am of writing, so I will release you for the present.

Yours, &c.

Paris, August 21, 1782.

AS my time in this city must be but short, I shall continue my walks and make the most of it. I take a *fiacre*, or hackney coach as little as possible, for by walking, I find that I begin already to know my way into most parts of Paris; indeed there is not much merit in this, as all the names of the streets are written at the corners of them, as in London, which plan was taken from this city.

If a stranger is tired, he has not much inducement for taking a coach, for nothing can be conceived more dirty than they are, and in their outward appearance, they more resemble waggons than coaches; the coachman stands before the box, from whence he drives a pair of half starved wretched looking horses. There are above a thousand of these vehicles in Paris;

lately indeed, there has been a great importation of English carriages, and they talk of having still more brought over, so that I hope in time the old ones will be no more to be seen, which will be much to the advantage of Paris; and if the streets would admit of a *trottoir*, which I much fear the old ones from their narrowness cannot, it would much more resemble London than it does at present. A stranger who wishes to have a carriage at command, and has not his own with him, would do well to take a *remise*, which is like an English chaise, for which he will give fifteen shillings a day, and for this, he will have a comfortable and convenient carriage.

The fares of these fiacres are much the same as of the London hackney coaches, but the English ones are much dearer. After I had been at the English Benedictines, I went along the Fauxbourg St. Jaques, a mean narrow

street, to the Royal Observatory, leaving at the right, the Luxembourg palace and gardens; this is the residence of Monsieur, the king's next brother. I lamented that I could not see it, as it was repairing; there is a very fine gallery in it, full of the best paintings; the gardens are large, but so gloomy, that you may meditate even to madness. The French cannot bear them in general, and say they are only fit for Englishmen; there are here generally some persons, however, more serious than common, whom the gaiety of the Thuilleries does not suit.

Before I came to the Observatory, I passed by the magnificent convent of Val de Grace*, the façade of the church is very fine; but in one of the most disagreeable parts of the city. I

* The public buildings in Paris have in general a great advantage over those of London; as they are in a more open situation, whereas, ours are for the most part confined among houses, &c.

was in the most southern part of Paris, distant, as I imagine, from fauxbourgs St. Martin, the opposite one, about five miles.

The Observatory is a fine building for the use of the French Astronomers; and the Academy; but the most extraordinary thing here is the subterraneous passages; you descend 160 steps; the height of the passage is, I think, about six feet, and it is as many in breadth; the sides are of a shining substance, resembling crystal; a girl went before me in these shades below with a great flambeau. I can't say but I felt a fresh tremour every time she knocked it against the side to quicken the light; for if it had gone out, or she had been seized with the cramp, it had been all over with us in spite of what she said to the contrary, as she asserted that she could find her way out. I assure you I was not comfortable while I was

in this place, and was but a poor companion to my fair conductress who offered to go with me in this cavern under the greatest part of Paris, which I was glad to decline. These passages go under the bed of the river, they were supposed to have been made in the Civil Wars; we ascended by another door to the top of the Observatory. From the top of the Observatory to the bottom of this place, it is 336 feet. I afterwards went into the room, in which were many of the French academy with important faces examining the globes.

As I was so near the Gobelins, and had no inclination to visit this disagreeable part of the city again, I determined to see this curious work in the fauxbourgs St. Marcel.

I was not disappointed in this wonderful tapestry, which is made only for the king, many have endeavoured to

imitate it, but none can succeed; there is a manufacture at Bruxelles, which comes nearest to it. I was so tired that I was glad to return to my hotel, and so ends this day's journal.

Yours, &c.

Paris, August 23, 1782.

BESIDES the principal theatres at Paris; which are the Opera, the Comédie Françoise, and the Comédie Italienne. They have several other smaller ones, as Audinot's, Nicolais, &c. &c. These two last are at la foire St. Laurents, a fair which lasts some weeks at this time of the year. It is full of shops and is a very good lounge, and there are some very pretty *marchandes de modes*, who offer their wares in a very tempting manner; but you must be on your guard, for though they declare *sur leur conscience*, putting their hands on their breast, that their goods are worth the money and they can take no less, they will often in spite of *leur conscience*, take *half* what they first demanded.

I have been, since I wrote last, at la Comédie Françoise, and also at Audi-

not's and Nicolais; at the former I had the happiness of seeing that fine player Prenille, in le Barbier de Seville, and well he merits the praises given him. You must understand the language very well to understand a French play, as it is very different from common conversation.

The Sale of the Comedie Française is in the fauxbourgs St. Germain's, where all the genteel people live, and is a very fine one, and a rotund, and the actors are very attentive to their parts: by the by, the fauxbourgs St. Germain's, are very dull and gloomy; they have noble houses and fine Portes-Cocheres, and *voila le tout*.

I was a few nights ago at the Comedie Italienne, they perform in the style of our Comic Operas, and it is a most delightful amusement; there is more singing than speaking. I heard one or two celebrated voices, and among others, that of the much admired Madame de

Gazon, who is a charming singer ; but the women in general were not pretty. The theatre is old, and in that vile, dirty, narrow street, la rue de Mancouseil, where it is not uncommon to have such a stoppage of carriages as to be detained half an hour, and at the hazard of broken limbs, &c. but they are going to build a new theatre on the Boulevardes.

The two smaller theatres are neat, and they are very full ; the price is not so high as at the other theatres. The French are so gay a people and love public amusements so well, that all these play-houses fill very well, whilst we are troubled to support only two*.

* There are coffee rooms and large galleries to all the French theatres, in which you may have what refreshments you wish ; and the people of the ton meet and talk over the performance when it is over, and make love to the actresses.

The apartments which belong to the Comedie Françoise, are very elegant, as the whole was built but a few years ago.

It is the fashion also to go behind the scenes at the time of acting, and no objection is made.

Paris is very hot, and I walk a la Françoise with my hat under my arm. They are very easy here in the article of dress, and we may walk about without the incumbrance of a sword. I shall continue to write to you as things occur worth mentioning.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

Paris, August 25, 1782.

I HAVE this morning been rambling as usual, and first went over the Pont Neuf to the Mint, and the Hotel de quatre Nations, or de Mazarin.

This bridge, so much celebrated, does not I think deserve the praise it has received.

It is neat, but not remarkable for any thing but being much exposed to the wind, as there is a division in it, it is in reality two bridges: at the end, is an equestrian statue of that great king, Henry the Fourth, the hero of the age in which he lived.

The Mint is an elegant building, finished many years ago, adjoining is the college de quatre Nations, which are Flanders, Alsace, Rousillon, and the fourth I forget, but it was formerly England, till by our repeated victories we rendered ourselves so odious to the

French that they erased our names and inserted some other in their room, *sic fabula narratur*. This is for young gentlemen to study ten years, after which they go into the Army.

In the chapel is the tomb of cardinal Mazarin, the crafty and the unworthy successor in the ministry to Richlieu; and only superior to him in despising satire, and it was happy for him that he did, or he must have been continually unhappy.

This monument is certainly a very fine one, and would be more spoken of if it was not for that of Richlieu, which is so much superior to it: this is the genteelest part of Paris, in which most of the noblemen and ambassadors live, the hotels are noble, and the streets broad and handsome.

The hotel of the Marshal Biron, in particular, and gardens, are well worth seeing, the latter are elegant to the greatest degree. This nobleman has

not less than forty thousand pounds a year, and uses this princely fortune in a noble way: he never suffers his servants to take any money, a custom well worthy of imitation.

From hence I went to the Invalids. This is a fine foundation like Chelsea Hospital, for wounded and decayed soldiers; there are in it above three thousand, and they are taken the greatest care of. The dome of the church is noble, and supported by four other smaller ones full of paintings, by the best masters; the marble is highly polished and very beautiful.

The Sale de Conseil is a large handsome apartment from whence you have a beautiful view of the Seine and Paris, for this hospital is quite out of the city. In this room are all the portraits of the ministers of war, for above an hundred years back, when it was founded by Louis the Fourteenth; for it must be owned that this prince, with

all his pomp and ambition, was not forgetful of charitable foundations.

From hence I continued my walk in the fields to l'Ecole Militaire*, which is for five hundred young gentlemen in poor circumstances, who must prove their noblesse for four generations, in order to gain admittance; they are educated for the army. This noble building has not been finished many years.

In the chapel, among many fine paintings, is the complete History of St. Louis.

La Sale de Conseil is an elegant room, in it are the victories of Louis Quinze, the founder of this institution, and a fine portrait of this prince, in Gobelin tapestry, the colours are so lively that it may be taken for a painting.

* In which Buonaparté was educated, who, if reports are true, could not prove his noblesse, but like founder Kin, his claim was allowed.

Adjoining the Ecole Militaire is a beautiful spot of ground called Le Champ de Mars, in which the military assemble to exercise ; from it is a sweet view of La Place de Louis Quinze, and Les Champs Elizées, on the opposite side of the river. This place is delightful.

Continuing my way homeward, I took Le Palais de Bourbon in my way, which is on the banks of the Seine. This is the town-house of the Prince of Condé ; the apartments are rich and elegant beyond conception, they are full of the most costly glasses ; and the magnificence of the furniture may be imagined, from some of the chairs having cost several hundred pounds a piece.

In one of the rooms of this elegant house, are all the victories of the great Condé finely painted.

From the terrace on which the rooms

look, is a beautiful prospect of the Seine. In a smaller house adjoining this, lives le duc d' Enghuien, son of le duc de Bourbon, and the sole heir of this illustrious family*; a person may spend an hour or two in this palace without being fatigued; it is the custom in general to give the servants six livres. In the smaller houses and public buildings three will be enough.

I returned to my hotel by le Pont Royal, which is a very neat bridge, and in my opinion does not in any thing yield to le Pont Neuf. I must finish this or shall be too late for the post; by the by, I never put a letter in the Poste aux Lettres, without admiring this handsome building, so superior to ours. In the provincial towns also in general they are very handsome.

* This amiable prince was afterwards executed by order of Buonaparté.

In Paris they have also their *petite poste**, answering to our penny one.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

* It appears that this term is more proper than ours, as it saves the trouble of change from penny to two-penny, &c.

Paris, August 27, 1782.

I HAD too long deferred my visit to le Palais Royal, although I had several times passed by it; but I determined to see first, the most distant parts of the city.

This noble palace is the town residence of le duc d'Orleans, first prince of the blood, and heir to the crown after the sons and brothers of the king.

The apartments are large and elegant, and there is a noble gallery* of paintings by the best masters, estimated at a million sterling.

The servants do not imitate those of le marechal Biron: as the least which it costs to see this palace is six livres. This prince is said to have between four and five hundred thousand a year; after the death of le Duc

* This is now taken down.

de Penthievre, whose only daughter he married, he will have the addition of forty thousand, which will make him the richest nobleman* in Europe, except prince Esterhazi, a German nobleman.

The duke lives in a very high style, and has an immense number of servants; he is so partial to the English that the chief of them are of that nation; he has also English horses, English carriages, and endeavours to introduce English customs, he has already instituted a beef-steak-club as a prelude to it. It is said that a great personage is so jealous of his attachment to our nation, that he has more than once forbidden his visits to England, lest he should imbibe notions repugnant to the system of French government.

* This prince has afforded a strong instance of the instability of human greatness; what must have been his sensations, when he was taken in a cart by the door of his palace to the place of execution! this is an instance of refined cruelty seldom met with, for the ruffians took this way on purpose.

He has generally some horses at our races, as he wishes very much to get a good breed. I was afterwards at his stables, in which are several fine ones, kept in the nicest manner; but with all the care of the French noblemen, they cannot attain our breed; whether it is owing to their food, want of management, or to what cause I know not, but they are always obliged to have our horses over at a great expence. The back part of the Palais Royal is a very fine square of houses, lately built, which the duke has sold at a great price.

This is a most lively pleasant walk, under piazzas, with shops all the way, containing every kind of thing; this was, a very few years ago, a shady walk, much resorted to by the public.

In the middle of the square they were building a place for young Astley to exhibit in, whose feats are much ap-

proved of here. In the afternoon I went to the king's gardens, in which are some tolerable walks and fine views, and some curious plants, but as a botanic garden, it has not enough.

Just by, is the cabinet of natural history, consisting of a suite of rooms full of beasts, birds, and insects, this would seem a tolerable collection to a person who had not seen Lever's Museum, indisputably the finest in the world: and here I cannot help lamenting that the exigencies of government were such, as not to suffer them to purchase this; it might then have remained entire, to be seen by our posterity as a lasting monument of the taste and labour of the founder, and munificence of the nation; whereas now, it is highly probable, that it will hereafter be divided* or sold to some foreign state,

* This now has taken place.

which has prudence enough to profit by our remissness. I will finish this by and by.

Yours, &c.

Paris, August 27, 1782.

In the afternoon I went to St. Denis, the burial place of the French monarchs; the church is a very noble one, in the style of Westminster Abbey, obscurely situated in a corner*, there are some admirably painted windows, and I spent some time with pleasure in this venerable building; there are monuments of the kings of France, from Dagobert, to Henri the fourth, though many of the intermediate ones are not here.

The funeral apparatus† of the late king Louis quinze is there, and torches burning constantly before it: masses are also said daily for the repose of his soul; this will be done till the next king

* This is not the case in general with the French churches, as they are in more open places than ours.

† This is an imitation of a coffin, covered with black cloth, on which are the royal arms, &c. &c.

takes his place ; thus,

Another and another still succeeds.

The finest monuments are those of François premier, Henri second and Catherine de Medicis, and Charles huit, on the first are finely carved the battles of Marignan and Pavia : This is all that remains of the pomp and splendor with which those princes were formerly surrounded.

As I looked on the effigies of those conquerors who made so many people tremble at their name, I could not help thinking of these lines of the poet,

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

The famous Marechal de Turenne has a fine monument, on which is represented the manner of his death ; this great man was allied to the royal family.

I afterwards saw the Treasury ; among many curious things in it, are the

crown, sword, and sceptre of Charlemagne, used at the coronation of the kings to this day, and a rich cross, containing part of our Saviour's : this indeed was so large, that pieces of it are scattered into all Catholic countries, and all tell you that they have *la croix veritable*. There are many curious relics in this collection, which is reckoned one of the richest in France ; a Monk attends to shew it, and is so much afraid lest the smallest relic should be taken, that he never leaves you a moment. I shall to morrow go to Choisi le Roy, and will write when I return.

Yours, &c.

Paris, August 29, 1782.

I am just returned from Choisi le Roy, and in my way went to the Salpetriere: it is a general hospital for poor, mad, orphans, &c. and it is a noble foundation; the whole number is estimated at seven thousand; the building is large and convenient, but there is nothing elegant in it.

As I am not fond of seeing human nature in its worst state, I only took a cursory view of these poor wretches, and continued my route to Choisi, which to my great surprize, I found to be nine miles, instead of five or six, from Paris. The road is pleasant and good, and near the Seine, but remarkably dull, and so little frequented, that at two miles from the city, you might fancy yourself to be a hundred miles from it; and the quantity of game running about the fields, helps not a little to

strengthen this thought, as that is a thing not very common in the environs of a great city*.

Choisi le Roi is a royal palace on the banks of the Seine, formerly used by the king as a villa, but now not much frequented. The apartments are good, and there are some valuable paintings in them, but the gallery is the most worth seeing, as it is elegantly furnished, and full of very fine glasses.

Here also is a very neat Theatre prettily fitted up ; but the most curious thing at Choisi is in the suite of rooms called the *petit chateau*, that is, a large round moveable table, in imitation of Arthur's round one, on which he regaled his knights, called after it, Knights of the Round Table, this is so contrived as to go down under ground when the king rings a small bell, and comes up

* In this point, there is an essential difference between London and Paris.

again completely furnished ; it is done with springs, and I am told so quick, that it has the appearance of magic, it cost five thousand pounds.

The gardens are spacious and elegant, with the river running close under a terrace, and well diversified with wood. In the whole, this might be made a pleasant abode for two or three months in the summer season*. I was so tired with my walk, that I was glad to sit quiet for the rest of the evening.

Yours, &c.

* Choisi, formerly, I think, belonged to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, grand-daughter to Henri quatre.

Paris, Sept. 1, 1782.

I am just returned from seeing the King's Library in la rue de Richlieu, which is one of the best streets in Paris : it is full of good houses, and reaches from the rue St. Honoré to the Boulevards, which is no inconsiderable length.

This library is a most noble one, and open to the public on Tuesdays and Saturdays, there are tables set out, with books, and pen and ink, when any one is at liberty to go and stay as long as he pleases, and commit to paper the remarks which he has made.

This library contains two hundred thousand volumes, and is only inferior to the Vatican.

There are six large rooms, and so high, that there are galleries on each side full also of books.

There are two remarkably large globes, the diameter of each is twelve feet.

In one of the rooms is a fine group of the French poets, in bronze, climbing up the hill of Parnassus ; this is executed in a most masterly manner.

In another part of the house are two or three rooms full of fine paintings and drawings. In short, this library is worthy of the sovereign of an enlightened nation, and is conducted in the most liberal manner.

In my return, I took a view of the church of St. Roch in the rue St. Honoré, which is a very fine one, and by much the most worth seeing of any in Paris.

It is a great advantage to a stranger, that when he has a mind to see churches, which in Catholic countries are in general very elegant, he is certain in France of finding them open at all hours in the day ; by which means he has not the trouble of seeking for the clerk or sexton ; from being constantly open also the churches are not damp, and it

would be well if we imitated them in this, as many of ours which are open but once a week are then hardly fit to enter.

The French have at least so much of the externals of religion, that they go in at all hours of the day to say their prayers, and the priest is saying mass all the morning; which however is very short, a gallant is perhaps going to see his mistress, and a servant coming along with a plate of bread and butter, but they will each go through a church in his way, take a chair and mumble over their prayers, and often with so little attention that they will talk to you about the curious things in the church the whole time*.

* You also see at all times priests in the confessionals confessing their penitents. These confessionals much resemble a watchman's box, with a smaller one on each side attached to it. The confessor is in the large one, and frequently in each of the small ones is a penitent, they each apply an ear to a place made on purpose, from whence the priest receives the confession.

In Flanders the churches are only open till twelve, which is a great inconvenience to strangers.

I have now, I think, seen the most curious things in the city, and shall make some excursions into the country, to see the royal palaces.

I am glad to find that my friends on the other side of the water continue in good health ; wherever I am, they will be always certain of my best wishes.

Yours, &c.

Paris, Sept 2, 1782.

Although the fauxbourgs St. Germain are the genteel and pleasantest part of Paris, and there are in them several fine hotels, such as those of Biron, Villars, Villeroy, &c. ; yet are the streets by no means so broad as those in the fauxbourgs St. Martin, and St. Antoine : these are the broadest in the city, but unfortunately are in one of the worst parts of it. La rue St. Honoré is one of the longest in Paris, but in many parts very narrow. In this, business of all sorts is carried on, and it answers to our Cheapside : *les marchandes de modes* abound in it, I have seen fifteen or sixteen in one shop at work at a time, and the greatest part of them would have done credit to a drawing room. In this street, notwithstanding the multitude of shops, there are some gentlemen's houses, and among others le Palais Royal ; which comes into it.

The chief squares in Paris, are le Place des Victoires, de Vendôme, and Royale.

La Place de Vendôme has a pedestrian statue of Louis quatorze, and is the finest in Paris; la Place des Victoires is smaller, and has one of the same monarch, equestrian. They are both reckoned fine pieces of architecture. La Place Royale is of brick, and was built in the reign of Louis treize, whose statue is in the centre. This is the oldest in Paris, and it is also the largest and most regular, and has piazzas all round it.

If la Place de Louis quinze should be ever finished, it will much exceed them all. The finest churches in Paris are those of St. Roche, St. Eustache, St. Sulpice, and St. Genevieve: the latter has been already twenty years building; St. Eustache is thought to have been built after the model of St. Paul's, and is very elegant; the façade of St.

Sulpice is very fine ; this is the richest benefice in the city.

The principal bridges in Paris are those of St. Michel, Nôtre Dame, le Pont Neuf, and Royal; they are now building another, which is to be called le Pont de Louis seize, and will be a very fine one.

There are no gates of this city which have not some historical fact carved on them.

On the porte St. Denis, is Louis quatorze, passing the Rhine at the head of his army.

On that of St. Antoine, is the same king, receiving the keys from the magistrates of Besançon, and both are thought to be well done.

La Halle, in which is kept the corn for the use of the inhabitants, is a handsome building and well regulated*.

Religious societies†, as may be ima-

* By the Prevôt des Marchands et Echevins.

† One of the first acts of the national assembly has been to suppress many of these, and seize their revenues.

gined, are not wanting in such a city as this, abbeys and convents are to be met with in all parts, and lazy monks are seen swarming in almost every street, and there are also many noble and charitable institutions, which do honor to the founders of them. ;

The hours at Paris are in general very reasonable*, they dine at two, go to the play at five, from whence they return to sup comfortably at nine ; a custom, I think, well worthy our imitation ; though even here, I am sorry to find, that many people are imitating the English in their late hours, and gradually dining later.

It is very convenient to a stranger, that at Paris, he may go to plays and public places without being full dressed ; a sword which is worn in provincial towns, as the mark of distinction between a bourgeois and a gentleman,

* The hours now are as late as the English.

is not necessary in this city ; and you may dress as you would in London. Indeed, the Anglomania has so far infected others, as well as the duke of Orleans, that you see short waistcoats, buckskin breeches, and round hats, almost as much as in England, though I cannot say that the French are yet familiarized to this dress.

The inhabitants of Paris, as is the case in most capitals, are thought to speak the language badly ; but, in my opinion, the Parisian accent is very pretty. The women, though not perhaps in reality handsomer than their neighbours, have a smartness and vivacity, which make them very agreeable ; and I have, as yet, seen none which I like so well as the pretty Parisians.

I am now going on my intended excursion into the environs, and will write soon.

Yours, &c.

Versailles, Sept. 4, 1782.

AS I wished to see all the royal palaces in the environs of Paris, I thought it best to remain here for a few days, as I could then have an opportunity of seeing this palace and those in its neighbourhood. Accordingly, two gentlemen took a remise with me, for which we gave twelve livres or ten shillings, and six pence for a permis*, or leave to go out of Paris in this vehicle; this is a very productive tax to the king.

Versailles is twelve miles from Paris, and is from a village become a large populous town, since the court has resided at it.

The palace, in the time of Louis treize, was only a small house, but

* This must be done where there are stages, that they may not be injured.

Louis quatorze*, his son and successor, intending to make it the place of his residence, considerably enlarged it, and chiefly put it in its present state.

His successors have made this the place of their residence, never staying a night in Paris.

The palace is large and built of fine stone, but is in general thought to have a heavy appearance; there are many apartments in it, and many of them very large. The gallery, which is full of fine paintings, is above two hundred feet in length, through this the king and queen pass from mass to dinner, which is before two; they dine in public twice a week.

* There is a singular anecdote related of this prince in his infancy. His father finding his health declining, wished to have the ceremony of his baptism completed, which had been hitherto deferred; and on its being finished, he asked his name, the child's answer was, "Je m'appelle Louis quatorze;" the infirm king much hurt, answered, "pas encore, mon fils, pas encore."

We saw their majesties at dinner, they eat separately, as the queen does not dine till the king has finished; they eat out of massy gold, and are waited on by nobles. Monsieur* and Madame, and the Comte and Comtesse d' Artois, have also their public dinner, in which the same etiquette is observed. The last mentioned prince is by far the most lively, and has the most winning marks of any of the royal family; the king, with all due submission to his majesty, has not a very lively appearance; but the French, who never fail to discover some merit in their sovereign, say *il est bon*. Indeed this is very just, he has not shining talents, nor a military turn, but in every thing consults the good of his people†, nor has he the arbitrary turn

* Louis 18th.

† This he has shewn since the writing of this by the convocation of the notables; which, however laughed at, was in reality with a view of easing his people by taxing the nobles.

of his predecessors ; he has shewn his judgment in the choice of his ministers, as Necker, de Castries, and Vergennes. No court is more gay and splendid than this, nor is there any king more nobly attended than the king of France. His power is absolute and his revenues very large. In short, if we consider the fine country he reigns over, and the love of the people to their sovereign, we shall find that there is nothing more to be envied*. The parliaments, which endeavoured to control some of his predecessors, were so often bounded by Lewis the fourteenth, and Louis the fifteenth, that they are now little more than nominal†.

* How applicable here are these words, "*dicique beatus, ante obitum nemo, &c.*"

† The character of Louis xvi. appeared very different in the latter part of his life ; and he rose very great in adversity ; his understanding and judgment also were greater than was supposed, and his misfortunes were owing to his humanity ; for at Varennes, if he had only said "*suivez le roi,*" he might have escaped ; but he could not bear to shed the blood of his people.

Of Monsieur, who has a very grave countenance, they say, *il est un philosophe*. Madame Elizabethe, the king's sister, is a very handsome woman, but nothing can be conceived plainer than the whole French court, so that the queen, if she was not so handsome as she really is, would appear to great advantage among the ladies of her court; she is a charming woman, and has great sweetness and majesty of countenance, blended. *Vera incessu patuit dea*.

Before he went to dinner, the king went to mass, where I also followed him; as I was determined to see the whole ceremony. The chapel is very elegant, and the galleries are full of the Garde du Corps, dressed in their red stockings, who, at the elevation of the Host, cry, *à genoux, à genoux*, and enforce it with their spontoons if you do not obey. The king and queen have each a gilded dome in the front gallery, but hear mass separately; in the after-

noon, they are in the body of the chapel to hear the sermon.

The gilded dome was the only mark of royalty which Madame de Maintenon had, as she occupied it when she heard mass. The Archbishop of Narbonne*, almoner to the king, attended him the whole time; he was dressed plain in the long clerical coat with little buttons, but had a ribbon round his neck; the badge I suppose of some order.

The gardens of Versailles are large and well laid out, but there is not variety enough in them; there is a great deal of fine water.

At a small distance is the little palace of Trianon, in which was the young Dauphin†. I did not so much lament that I could not see this, as I did that I had not time to see St. Cyr, at about

* I think he is dean of the order of St. Esprit.

† Since dead, and succeeded by his brother le duc de Normandie.

a mile distance, in the park, founded by the celebrated Madame de Maintenon*, who is buried at it.

This foundation is for two hundred and fifty young ladies of fashion, whose fathers have ruined their fortunes in the service of the king; they are received in it from the age of seven to twelve, and go out of it at twenty. Adieu, for the present.

Yours, &c.

* Frances Daubigné, Marchioness of Maintenon, born in 1635, married to Louis xiv. in 1685, by the Archbishop of Paris, in the presence of Pere de la Chaize, confessor to the king, and a minister of state; such was the opinion which the king had of her, that latterly he undertook nothing without consulting her.

Sept. 5, 1782.

THE next royal palace which I visited was St. Germain en Laye, the house is old and built of brick ; it was built by François premier chiefly, but begun by Charles the fifth, though it is much out of repair, as the royal family never reside at it ; it has an air of grandeur, from the roof there is a charming and extensive prospect of above thirty miles on every side.

There is here a fine terrace, the gardens are not large ; but there is a noble and extensive forest, well stocked with game, the circumference of which is thirty miles. You are shewn the room in which James the second died, who resided here constantly, and had a court as elegant as his circumstances would admit of. Indeed I have often thought the most amiable trait in

the character of Louis quatorze, was his kindness to his dethroned cousin: he appointed him proper officers, and always made his attendants as respectful and assiduous towards him, as if he had continued to be in substance what he was only the shadow of after his abdication; and the recommendation of the court of St. Germain, for preferment, had always great weight with Louis, so that James wanted nothing but the actual possession of the crown, of which he bore the title; he seems to have been much fitter for a monk than a king.

From St. Germain*, I returned to Paris, by the so much celebrated machine of Marli, this is on an arm of the Seine, and composed of fourteen large wheels, which convey the water into pumps, by which means it is made to ascend the hill to Marli; nothing can

* St. Germain is famous for the salubrity of its air.

exceed the beauty of this road, it is quite a garden; woods, villas, a fine country, and the Seine running along the road, render it charming. You enter Paris through les Champs Elizées, which, though not equal perhaps to that abode of the virtuous, are not a bad substitute for us mortals. In a day or two I shall set off for Marli, Meudon, &c.

Yours, &c.

Paris, September 6, 1782.

I PASSED over le Pont de Neuilli, about two miles from Paris in the road to Marli; this is a very fine bridge, and much exceeds those of Paris in lightness and elegance. Marli is about nine miles from this city; and though the rooms in it are not remarkable for their grandeur, yet are they not deficient in neatness and elegance; and there are several fine paintings, but the chief thing worth seeing is the gardens, and prospect from them, which is charming. The former are very extensive; and there is also a forest, a fine cascade, and several pieces of water.

On each side of the garden are twelve pavilions, for the lords of the court to reside in, when they attend the King, and an arbour to go to each, which has

a pretty effect. From this to St. Cloud, it is but two or three miles.

This palace, (which belongs to the duke of Orleans*, first prince of the blood after the king's own family), is a noble building, and, in my opinion, the most worth seeing of any in the neighbourhood of Paris, except Chantilli; there is in it a fine suite of apartments, full of paintings by the best masters; at the end is a gallery, 180 feet in length, full of busts, and over them, portraits of the royal family of France and that of Orleans, for some time back; this is a most magnificent room†.

The gardens of St. Cloud are large and well laid out. The Seine runs along the park, which adds not a little to the beauty of it; there is also a very fine

* Buonaparté now resides in it.

† Among the portraits, is Lewis, duke of Orleans, who was afterwards Lewis the 12th. This great and amiable prince, when pressed to revenge an injury offered to him when duke of Orleans, answered, "The king of France does not revenge the injuries of the duke of Orleans."

orangery, and among several fine pieces of water there is a noble one, which plays every other Sunday, to the great delight of the Parisians, who come in crowds to hear it; this compliment also is paid to any person of fashion, that the duke, or king and queen, chuse to gratify with this exhibition.

In short, the whole of St. Cloud is magnificent to the greatest degree, and the duke, among his numerous houses, has none like this. I am going to Meudon, Madrid, &c. another day, for near as these places are to St. Cloud, I was so tired with walking about, and riding my French horse, that I was not sorry to defer my visit to them; it must be said, however, that my horse, though he went uneasy, was a very good one, and did credit to his country; he was finely accoutred, and I gave five shillings a day for the use of him.

When I have visited these places, I shall have seen most of the curious

places in the environs, and shall then set off for Brussels*.

Yours, &c.

* Among the portraits of the princes of the house of Orleans, is that of the celebrated and profligate Regent. The following anecdote is told of this prince, relating to the abbé du Bois, his confidant in state affairs, as well as minister of his sensual pleasures. The duke dining with a party of his friends, in the height of their conviviality, asked them what they thought of the new cardinal (du Bois), whom he had lately got exalted to that dignity; one of them answered, "Your highness may make him a cardinal, and even "Pope, but it is not in your power to make him an honest "man." The duke was much pleased with the answer, but had the weakness to acquaint the cardinal, who caused the offender to be confined in the Bastile, in which he remained till the death of the cardinal. He had wit sufficient to relish the bon mot, but not sufficient resolution to protect the author of it.

Paris, September 7, 1782.

WE went to Meudon through the grounds, and close by the house of Bellevue, the habitation of Mesdames of France, the king's aunts*. The house is not shewn, but the gardens are large and well laid out ; and the name is well applied, as there is a fine view from them.

Meudon is a large old house, built of brick, and quite unfurnished and neglected. Louis quatorze had it of Monsieur Louvois† ; nothing can be conceived finer than the view from this palace. You have the beautiful village of Meudon under you when on the terrace ; a fine view of the Seine, and a charming country for thirty miles round ; there is also a fine orangery ;

* Exiles from their country the latter part of their lives. They established their residence in Italy.

† His celebrated minister of war.

in short, the situation of this house is so desirable, that it is great pity it remains uninhabited.

From Meudon I went to the famous manufactory of Séve, which is just by. It is very elegant, and brought to great perfection. The miniature portraits are in general great likenesses, but very dear: the empress of Russia is so fond of this china, that she has sent for great quantities of it. Madrid is two miles from Séve, in le bois de Boulogne.

This palace was built by François premier, and is said to have been constructed from the model of that at Madrid, in which he was so long confined by his great competitor Charles the fifth, when taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia; other persons say that he built it in memory of his imprisonment; but both these accounts want confirmation.

This also is built of brick; but has not, for some time, been inhabited by any of the royal family. There are said

to be in this, as many windows as days in the year, but they are old casement ones, full of wood and iron, and of an astonishing thickness; the apartments are large, and there is an air of grandeur runs through the whole building. From the top of the house there is a very fine view.

At present one of the officers of the crown resides in this palace. I shall reserve what I have to say of la Muette and le bois de Boulogne for another letter.

Yours, &c.

Paris, September 8, 1782.

I REGRETTED much, that when I was at Madrid, I had not time to go to Bagatelle*, a beautiful house belonging to the comte d'Artois. The gardens are laid out in the English manner, which prevails much in this country, and are said to be very elegant.

La Muette, as the name shews, is a hunting seat of the king's, at the entrance of le bois de Boulogne; there is nothing magnificent, but many of

* I have since heard, that I did not lose much by not seeing Bagatelle, or Mousseaux, belonging to the duke of Orleans, for though they are said to have gardens laid out in the English way, they are so formal as to do no credit to that nation; and it is generally thought, that the gardens of the Thuilleries and Marli, laboured as they are with great skill and fatigue, have at least a noble and magnificent appearance. Their terraces must be allowed to be grand, and many parts of the gardens beautiful; whereas on the contrary, the others, by imitating what they cannot attain, have an insipid, formal appearance, void of taste or true beauty.

the rooms are very elegant, though not large, and fitted up very properly for the use it was built for. The furniture is plain and neat ; but there are several good paintings, as few of the royal houses, or those of people of fashion, are without these. The gardens are large and pleasant.

Le bois de Boulogne*, distant from Paris about three miles, is a most charming spot, full of gentlemen's houses ; its extent is about twenty miles ; this is constantly resorted to by the Parisians ; here, on festivals and Sundays, you will see the peasants and their mistresses dancing in a manner that would not disgrace many of their superiors, who have spent much time and money in learning steps, which these untaught people perform so well ; in short, with the shew, music, dancing, &c. the liveliness of the scene is inex-

* This is much resorted to for deciding affairs of honour.

pressible, and a spectator cannot be uninterested, nor help wishing to join in the rustic dance.

The village of Passy, through which I returned to Paris, is a most beautiful one; the river Seine runs along it, and it is full of charming villas, gardens, &c.

Thus I have, I think, seen the greatest part of the environs of Paris, and have been amply repaid for my trouble; as for variety and beauty, they can scarce be exceeded.

To-morrow I intend setting off to Brussels, in the diligence, and will write soon.

Yours, &c.

Brussels, September 11, 1782.

WE set off from Paris at eleven at night, in the diligence*. The diligences are very heavy long carriages, more like our Greenwich coaches than any other of our vehicles, but much more clumsy; this held ten, four in two arm-chairs, opposite to each other, and close to the door; and three behind each, in what they call *le fond*, which is much the worst place, for as the coach does not abound in windows, it may be imagined, this is sufficiently close. The person who comes first chuses the first place,

* Our company consisted of a lady going to Cambrai, a very agreeable woman; a young conceited officer of the garrison of Valenciennes; a young man of Paris going into the army; a stupid tradesman of Lille; a wine merchant of Mentz, an agreeable sensible man; a priest, or Italian Jew, we could not tell which, going to the celebrated fair at Francfort; and a Frenchman going to Cambrai, to meet his friend; so that you must own we had a variety of characters, and much amusement they afforded me.

and so on ; they are all marked, No. 1, 2, &c. beginning with the arm-chairs. There were never fewer than eight horses, and generally ten the whole way.

Mons. le conducteur is a very great man, and does little else than sit on the box ; for the care of driving the horses devolves on the postilions. They change every post, which is two short leagues, about 5 English miles. They generally go about 5 miles an hour.

We passed through Senlis, famous for rabbits, 30 miles from Paris, where we supped. The citizens of Paris come here to eat rabbits, as the Londoners to Dunstable to eat larks. Senlis is a neat little town.

Dined at Gournay, a dirty village, (but the inn was a good one ;) and slept at Peronne.

This is so strong, both by nature and art, that it has never been taken ; from whence it is surnamed the Virgin. You enter by seven gates, and as many

bridges. It is surrounded by water and marshes, which add not a little to its strength. The environs of Peronne are far from pleasant. There is nothing very curious in the town. It is in Picardy.

Some part of the road this day was vastly pretty, especially as far as Senlis, the country about which is charming. I will finish this by and by.

Yours, &c.

WE set off from Peronne at four in the morning, for these vehicles take plenty of time to make amends for their want of speed; and dined at Cambrai.

This is the capital of the Cambresis, and nine leagues from Peronne. It is a large old city, the seat of an archbishop; that amiable prelate Fenelon was archbishop of it.

The archbishops are peers of France.

This place is famous for the manufactory of cambric, which takes its name from it; this is, however, dearer here than in almost any other place.

We dined at the Poste, and had good accommodations; arrived at Valenciennes, seven leagues farther, at five. We came just in time to see a fine procession of all the different tradesmen, which was above half a mile in length. This is a large old city, and the frontier of the French towns towards the empe-

ror's dominions. The Grande-Place is a very good one, with a statue of Louis the fifteenth in it. The ramparts are dull and disagreeable. In general, the streets of this town are remarkably narrow.

We came this day within view of the tomb of the celebrated J. J. Rousseau, who so dreadfully prostituted his fine talents. We could not help looking at it with veneration mixed with pity.

Valenciennes is famous for its lace trade. We were at the Poste, which is a very good house. Near this town is a famous plain, where was a sanguinary battle in 1712*, between the French, commanded by Marshal Villars, and the English; numbers fell in it, who were buried in the plain. There is a post lately put up on the road, which

* This must have been the battle of Malplaquet, in which the duke of Marlborough commanded, but it was in 1709.

gives an account of this unfortunate affair. The name of the parish is Amain.

Between Cambray and Valenciennes we saw, on our left, Bouchain, a small but remarkably strong fortified town.

Quievrain is the last place, subject to the king of France; it is a small village. An insignificant bridge separates the dominions of the emperor and the king, and, as usual, here you undergo the process of being searched by the officers of the donane, but a present of three livres makes it very easy.

It is astonishing to find the difference of manners on changing the country, as hardly any thing can equal the stupidity of the common Flemish, but their impertinence. Here we began also to find an immense number of beggars. Whole villages of men, women, and children, came out to pursue the delightful occupation of tumbling, run-

ning with the carriages, and shewing all manner of tricks.

We next came to Mons, so called from being situated upon a hill; it is seven leagues from Valenciennes.

This is a large fine city, and has been very strong, but the Emperor is leveling the fortifications of it, as well as of many other towns in the low-countries. His argument is said to be, that a prince, who can bring 200,000 men into the field, has no need of fortifications, but the real reason is, the great expence of keeping them up. He is now an œconomical prince*.

The ramparts are very pretty. We dined au Saumon, which is a bad inn.

At Mons they make use of great dogs, six or eight at a time, to draw small carts, heavily laden, and seem to have no mercy on them.

* Joseph the Second.

In ten leagues farther we got to Bruxelles. This last day's journey was very pleasant, as there were a few hills, which is very unusual in the Païs Bas. The last part of it however, was a heavy sand.

The environs of Bruxelles are charming, full of gentlemen's houses, gardens, &c. You enter it as you do most of the Flemish towns, only by one gate.

Bruxelles, September 13, 1782.

THIS is the capital of the duchy of Brabant, and a handsome, regular city, from its beauty and gaiety it is called les delices des Païs Bas. There is an elegant little court, and prince Albert of Saxe, and his consort, the sister of the emperor, reside in it, as governor and governess of the Low Countries.

The palace is small, but neat ; and the floors are very curious, of many different woods in the shape of diamonds ; many of the rooms are hung with the tapestry of the place, which is thought to be only inferior to the Gobelins.

La Place Royale and St. Michael are very handsome ; in the former is a fine pedestrian statue of the late prince Charles of Lorraine, who was governor of the Low Countries, and much beloved

here. The park* is very pretty, and frequented as a public walk like the Thuilleries.

The Hotel de Ville is a noble uniform building, with a handsome tower in the centre, and the chamber of the states is remarkably elegant.

The cathedral is a fine one, and has several good paintings.

There are plays here constantly, and the performers are reckoned very good ; in short, there are no amusements wanting in this gay place to make it agreeable to strangers.

The upper part of the town, which is on a steep hill, is by much the finest ; in this is the palace and the houses of the nobility, which are in general lofty, and built of fine stone. L'Hotel de

* In this are some good houses, in which people of rank live. The duke of St. A. has an hotel in it. In the whole it is a beautiful place ; there is a fine basou, and the walks are woody and well laid out, and the whole has a good effect from being in the middle of the town.

Bellevue, which is here, is the best in the town.

The mark of distinction which the governor has, is an hussar on each side of his carriage whenever he goes out, and the governess the same.

There is not, I suppose, a more dissipated city than this in Europe; a stranger no sooner arrives at it, than he is accosted by one of those ministers of sensual pleasures which are too often to be met with, who offer to conduct him immediately to the lodgings of a lady of easy virtue: the number of these is almost incredible, considering the size of the place; and it is astonishing that the magistrates do not endeavour, at least to put a stop to this evil: there are vast numbers of lads kept in pay by these women, who every evening watch in the streets and squares, with flambeaus, to decoy the unwary and conduct them to these houses of bad fame.

The beggars I had seen at Paris were nothing, when compared with those which I have found in this city; the streets almost swarm with them, and you can hardly stir without being plagued almost to death with their incessant cries. There are very good hackney coaches here, and the fares very reasonable, an escalin a course.

In that part of Brussels which is near the court, only French is spoken; and the other, nothing but Flemish; but most of the names of the streets are in both languages.

They count here by florins, escalins, and plaquets; the former, or guilders, are one shilling and eight-pence each, an escelin of the low countries is about seven-pence of our money, and a plaquet half of it.

I cannot be so near Antwerp without seeing that celebrated city; I shall therefore take that place in my way to Ghent; I will write to you when I get

to it. The environs of Bruxelles are very pretty ; they are quite a garden : the city itself, or at least great part of it, is situated on an hill, by which means, after the heaviest rains, you may walk with pleasure in the street in a few minutes. The market, which is a very good one, is kept in the streets. This city is 200 miles from Paris. I will write from Antwerp ; I am at la Croix Blanche, rue fossé aux Loups, a good and reasonable house.

I am, yours, &c.

Antwerp, September 15, 1782.

MECHLIN, or Malines, as the French call it, is half way to this city ; this is the seat of an archbishop, in whose jurisdiction is Brussels ; it is famous for its cleanliness and the manufacture of lace, but, like most of the Flemish towns, is dull ; the difference between them and the French ones, in this respect, is inconceivable, and a traveller can hardly help being affected with the gloominess of these.

The streets of Malines are broad, and the cathedral large and handsome. Rubens has contributed not a little to its beauty by his paintings. The archbishops palace is a large handsome square, pleasantly situated ; the church of the Beguinage is very elegant : this is a religious society, frequent in Flanders, of women, who live on their property in a convent, and quit it when-

ever they please. This is on a most liberal plan, and they live very comfortable; they are called Beguines.

The play-house looks more like a prison than a house of recreation; over the door is a large figure of the virgin, not very well adapted, I think, to the place.

The tower of the cathedral is very high and beautiful, but they say it is unfinished: the clock is a very fine one, and the figures of it seven feet and a half each, so that they are seen at a great distance.

There is a considerable manufacture of hats here.

The road from Bruxelles to Antwerp is flat, and chiefly sandy; but the gentlemen's houses interspersed are very pretty; it is twenty-four miles.

Antwerp, or Anvers, is a fine large city, built on the Scheldt; it was formerly very populous, and a place of great trade, but is now much decayed;

it is renowned for having given birth to Rubens, whose paintings are dispersed in all parts of the city, and there are several gentlemen, who have fine collections, and are very liberal in shewing them to strangers well recommended ; it would take up more time than I have to spare, to see these ; besides, as I do not profess myself a judge, I leave it to those who are to describe them.

There is nothing else talked of here, but the quietness with which the Brabançons have suffered the Emperor to destroy the Joyeuse Entrée, the bulwark of their constitution, which answers to the Magna Charta of the English ; but most people think this will not last, but that the ashes are only smothered, which will, ere long, burst forth with fresh fury.

The Emperor, even in a political sense, is certainly doing very wrong, in oppressing a people, from whom he receives a great part of his revenues, and

it is very well known, that he has not more faithful soldiers, or better subjects, than his Flemish ones, if he maintains their privileges ; but they are so jealous of these, that they take fire on the least suspicion of being deprived of them ; the end of it, in all probability, will be, that they will be driven to desperation, as a worm, when trodden on, will turn ; they may be worked on by mild measures, but never by harsh ones ; nor will the arbitrary maxims of a despotic government ever succeed in this country of freedom*. The streets of this city are broad and regular, and la Place de Maire a very handsome one ; I am at le Laboureur on this place, an exceeding good inn.

The cathedral is a fine old building, with many of Ruben's paintings ; both in this and Malines are large statues in

* They have had now every shadow of liberty taken away by Buonaparte.

niches opposite to each other, in the body ; this gives them, I think, a very heavy appearance.

The populousness of this fine city bears no proportion to its size. The ramparts are very pleasant ; the fortifications have been very strong ; and there are many things now remaining, which bear witness to the tyranny which the cruel duke of Alva exercised in this city. The bishop's palace is a large handsome square ; the apartments, though not magnificent, are neat and convenient.

I shall set off to-morrow to Ghent, in the diligence, thirty miles from this city, and will write to you from thence.

Yours, &c.

Ghent, September 16, 1782.

WE ferried over the Scheldt, which at high water is about half a mile over, (the embouchure of this river is not more than ten or twelve miles from Antwerp,) and entered into le País de Walsh: from this side of the water the town has a fine appearance.

We dined at St. Nicholas, the chief town of this curious country; it is regularly built, and has some good streets; the grand Marché is large and well situated, and the church is a good one; the populousness of this town and the whole country is astonishing, and its fertility and plentifulness are equal to the number of inhabitants; every thing looks rich and flourishing.

I was here but a few miles from the borders of Holland, and much regretted that I could not, at present, see that

curious country. The same custom prevails in Flanders as in France, of eating in bed rooms, which at first is very disgusting to Englishmen, and nothing but custom can reconcile them to it.

From Antwerp to St. Nicolas it is four Flemish leagues, or sixteen of our miles, as a league of this country is a mile longer than one of France; they reckon also here by hours; and when you ask the distance, say, so many hours, meaning as many leagues, as they generally go about a league an hour.

We drank tea at the beautiful village of Dichnem, which is a most delightful spot, in the middle of a fine country, and a clear stream (a branch of the Scheldt) runs along it, which abundantly supplies the inhabitants with fish; we crossed this little river in a ferry-boat, fastened at each end with a rope, and arrived at this town in the evening, after

having been twelve hours in coming rather more than thirty miles; but the badness of the road is inconceivable; the wheels were great part of the way six inches deep in sand; but the beauty of the country made us ample amends, as it is full of woods, meadows, gardens, and neat cottages, prettily interspersed.

In this country the coachmen generally give their horses brown bread and beer, which refreshes them so much, that they perform long stages vastly well; our vehicle was an old heavy cabriolet, drawn by one horse, and we were four in number, with much luggage, so that our equipage was not very elegant, but what was wanted in elegance was supplied by the agreeableness of my fellow-travellers, which consisted of a well-bred Frenchman and his wife, going to Lille, and a sensible, intelligent German officer; the conversation was carried on in French, and did not flag; so that though we only went *en*

pas, the time did not seem tedious. In this País de Walsh, as they are very backward in the necessities of life, so do their manners appear very simple ; as an instance of the former, at Ardolph, where we breakfasted, the coffee was made in a large brass tea-kettle ; and of the latter, the two girls of the house, or rather young women, were in bed in the room in which we breakfasted, and remained in it the whole time without being confused ; this reminded us of the golden age.

I shall stay a day or two in this city, and will write to you again from it.

Yours, &c.

Ghent, Sept. 17, 1782.

THIS is the capital of Flanders, and there are few finer cities in Europe ; the streets are broad and regular, and the houses lofty and well built ; but, as in the rest of the cities of Flanders, there is a striking air of dullness in it ; and it is so thin of inhabitants, that grass grows in many of the streets.

This city is said to be more extensive than Paris without its suburbs ; and Charles quint used to say, that he could put Paris in his *gand* ; he was very fond of this town, in which he was born, till the seditious temper of the inhabitants obliged him to relax much of his kindness to them*.

There is at Ghent, as well as Brussels, a manufacture of lace, which is very reasonable ; there is a pedestrian statue

* He punished them in the most severe manner for their revolt.

of Charles quint in the Marché au Vendredi.

The cathedral is a very fine one, and what is very singular, the altar is almost in the centre of the body; but the thing most worth seeing in this town is l'Abbaiè St. Pierre; this is a very rich society; the church and library are very elegant; in the former is some fine tapestry, representing the acts of the apostles, and in the latter a noble collection of books: the apartments of the abbot are rich, and elegantly furnished; in one of them is a piece of work*, the mechanism of which is very curious, which cost a vast sum of money.

The refectory is a fine room, full of paintings: from thence I went into the kitchen, where I saw enough to convince me, that the good fathers took care of their bodies as well as their souls.

* Like Coxe's Museum.

In the summer there are gardens opened, after the manner of Vauxhall, which are very pretty.

There is also a fine theatre, and plays the greatest part of the year; the performers are reckoned very good.

We are at l'Hotel St. Sebastien, an excellent inn.

In Flanders the usual price of the table d'hôtes is three escalins*; if you dine in your room you must give four: wine is very dear, and but indifferent; beds are from two to three escalins.

I shall set off to-morrow in the Ghent barge, which goes every day to Bruges, distant twenty-four miles, and will write from that city, where I propose staying some time, as I have some friends there.

I am, yours, &c.

* An escalin is seven-pence.

Bruges, Sept. 19, 1782.

WE left Ghent at nine in the morning. This barge is reckoned the most elegant in Europe ; there are three prices for the passage ; the first of which is only fifteen-pence, and for this, you are in the states room, which is elegantly fitted up, with carpets, curtains, &c. ; at twelve exactly the dinner* is ready, consisting of two courses and a dessert ; for this you pay also fifteen-pence ; besides wine, which they have on board, of every quality and price : there is music whilst you dine, and you are certain of having the best company, as this conveyance is so pleasant and agreeable, that many people go by it in preference to any other, and have

* It is really curious on a maigre day, to see the number of dishes of fish, dressed in different ways, and of various kinds : to lovers of fish this must be a feast instead of a fast.

their servants and horses meet them at Bruges, so that the vessel is crowded every day; there is another room for inferior people, and some are on deck, on which is an elegant canopy, to protect them from the weather. The most disagreeable part of this conveyance is the slowness with which you go, hardly four miles an hour; this might be remedied, if instead of two horses they would have four, and this they might do very well, with a small rise in the fare.

The banks of a canal are so much alike, that there is nothing can be said about them, as they are very disagreeable. The barge always gets in at four.

Bruges is a very large old city, about five miles in circumference; it was formerly extremely populous, and the mart of almost all Europe, but is now much gone to decay. There is a very fine bason, capable of containing vessels that draw fifteen feet water, for the canal, which goes from hence to Ostend,

is sixteen feet deep in general, and it is very curious to see, so far inland, vessels of all nations assembled together of so large a size. This town is four leagues from the sea, and a barge goes and comes every day to Ostend. The market-place is a very large one; the tower on it is very high, and a fine object for many miles, but the top of it has been destroyed by lightning: the chimes in this are very musical, and the construction of them much admired.

A person who has no objection to climbing up a number of steps, will do well to go to the top of this tower, from whence he will have a fine prospect of the sea, and a flat country for many miles.

Though this town is by no means well built, yet, as at Ghent, there are several high Spanish houses in it, which are very gloomy, owing to the thinness of inhabitants. Bruges has but a dull appearance, and but few attractions to in-

duce a stranger to dedicate much of his time to it ; there is, however, a theatre, in which, and at Ghent, the actors perform alternately ; it is dark, and by no means a good one.

In the church of Nôtre Dame are two noble monuments of Charles le Hardi*, duke of Burgundy, and his only daughter Mary, married to Maximilian emperor of Germany, erected by the order of Philip the second, king of Spain, to the memory of his ancestors ; they cost one thousand six hundred pounds each, and though between two and three hundred years old, are in the finest preservation ; here also is a remarkably fine statue of the Virgin and Our Saviour, by Michael Angelo, for which a late English nobleman offered four thousand pounds.

I am at l'Hotel de Commerce, a good but gloomy inn.

* Killed at the siege of Nanci.

The bishōpric of Bruges is a pretty good one, and the bishop has a good country house and gardens, at about two miles distance; the latter are well laid out, and there are some valuable plants in them. As I propose staying here some time, I will write to you as things occur,

And am,

Your's, &c.

Bruges, Sept. 22, 1782.

THIS town, though far from being a lively one, is at present very gay, owing to the concourse of English which come to the continent by Ostend, as the French ports are not open.

There is an excellent table d'hôte at l'Hotel de Commerce, at which I dine very often, and there are many strangers frequent it, particularly the English; we pay three escalins, besides our wine, which is not very reasonable. There are many English of respectability established in this city, and I have very good society among them, and am acquainted with some agreeable Flemish families, among others, a very worthy physician, who in conversation the other day, lamented the very little encouragement given to medicine: he said, the usual fee which a physician had, was

only three escalins*, but I was not much surprised at this, for at Paris, I heard three livres were a common fee.

I have been up the noble tower to hear the chimes play, and see the mechanism of them, which is very curious ; there are forty-seven bells, all very fine ; the prospect from this tower is very extensive, of the sea, and the environs of Bruges at a great distance. I am called away, and will write again soon.

Yours, &c.

* One shilling and nine-pence.

Bruges, Sept. 26, 1782.

WE have made a party since I wrote last, and been to Blankenberg, a small fishing town, nine miles from hence, to bathe, and eat muscles, which are there in the greatest perfection.

It is a very romantic place, and the road to it, though sandy in some places, is in general very pleasant, and the day answered our expectations fully.

The next day I went to Lille, on some business; it is forty miles from this place: the road in general is woody, but sandy and heavy, and there are no very fine views, as I think, three sturdy fellows hanging in chains, about three miles from Bruges, cannot be reckoned one.

I passed through Thourout and Rouselaut, at the latter of which I dined; it is a neat little town, and there are two good convents in it; at Menin I

joined the road which leads from Ostend to Lille. There is now but little trade carried on at Bruges, and the town would be but dull, was it not for the concourse of strangers; among these the premier of Louvain, who is a native of this place, has lately made a distinguished figure.

He made his public entry here, and the procession was very magnificent. I saw it and was much pleased with it; there was a ball on the occasion, to which I was invited, and there were three hundred persons, of all nations, and an elegant cold supper. The gentlemen waited on the ladies, as there was not room for them at the table.

The Flemish dance cotillions, like the French, and now and then an English country dance.

This premier, who answers to a senior wrangler at Cambridge*, appears to be

* This is, I fear, *parvis componere magna*.

a young man of merit ; he is of low origin, but has raised himself by his merit ; he has breakfasted with me, and is a well-behaved modest young man ; he wishes to be admitted into an English university, but his religion will be an insurmountable objection. I make no progress in the language, as I am too much with the English ; but French is much spoken here. I am going with a party to Ghent for a day or two, and will write when I return.

I am, yours, &c.

Bruges, Sept. 30, 1782.

WE are returned from our excursion to Ghent, which was a very pleasant one, as we took the state cabin, and danced, played at cards, domino, &c. &c.

We were at milord Champon's, which is a good but dear inn, and saw many fine private collections of paintings, with which this city, as well as Antwerp, abounds.

We afterwards went to the noble Abbey de St. Pierre, which I was not sorry to see again, and finished the day by going to Vauxhall, where was a very large company; we danced all night, and I had several smart Flemish partners, who were so good as to make allowances for my not knowing their customs or language.

We all experienced great attention, and every thing was well conducted.

The company, as usual, consisted of a variety of nations.

In this city was born the duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward the third, known by the name of John of Ghent.

We saw the church of St. Saviour, which is a very fine one, and a superb pulpit, which cost a vast sum.

The walls of Ghent are said to be nineteen miles round: they are certainly of a great extent, though the inhabitants bear no proportion to the size of the town. The Vauxhall is only open on Sundays during the summer. We returned to this place much pleased with our little expedition.

I am, yours, &c.

Bruges, October 12, 1782.

I SHALL soon leave this place, and leave it with regret, as I have passed some weeks in it very pleasantly. The French ports are now open, so that I shall go by way of Ostend and Calais, as I am not ambitious of having more sickness than I can help.

The Flemish are in general very phlegmatic, not to say stupid, and the lower sort very obstinate, and more bigotted than the French.

It is a cheap and plentiful country to live in, but the language is very disagreeable.

The women are in general large and badly shaped, but have good faces. The troops are well disciplined, as the prince de Ligne, the emperor's general, is very assiduous about them, and reckoned one of the best generals in

Europe; the uniform of the troops is white, with different facings.

The Emperor is here, as well as in his German dominions, getting rid of the monasteries; this will much increase the population of his dominions, which at present have great need of it, for in the noble large towns which belong to him, as Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, &c. it is astonishing to see how few inhabitants there are; yet it appears to me, that this great change should be carefully effected, and by slow means, for it is hard to bring nuns into the world, the customs of which they are unacquainted with; living secluded as they do, and having all their wants provided for, so many years, they cannot be thought to be equal to the artifice of designing people, or fit to mix with that world to which they have so long been strangers; and I am firmly persuaded, that greater injury cannot be done to the comfort

of these people, than taking them from their calm retreat*.

I am now just leaving Austrian Flanders, a rich and plentiful country, abounding in all the comforts of life.

Although in travelling through it, the eye may not be gratified with pleasing views, yet the mind cannot help feeling satisfaction in reflecting on the comfort of its inhabitants.

There is, I suppose, no space of seventy miles in Europe, in which are to be found four such large cities as Louvain, Bruxelles, Ghent, and Bruges; in one of which is a celebrated university, and the other, one of the most elegant little courts in Europe.

And the two last are episcopal sees and wealthy cities; and all of them are

* The order of nuns, which devotes itself to the care of the sick, must be owned to be highly useful, and they perform their duties with the most pious and unremitting care.

fine towns, and in each of them will the traveller find things worthy his attention.

I propose setting off in a day or two for Calais, and hope to write to you again soon.

I am, yours, &c.

Calais, October 18, 1782.

I SET off in the barge from Bruges to Ostend, which is much inferior to the Ghent one; the distance is sixteen miles by water and twelve by land. Ostend did not seem in so flourishing a state as it was before when I was there, owing to the French ports being open; but they still carry on a pretty brisk smuggling trade; and there are still three good English hotels there, at least if dearness constitutes goodness, for in that they excel.

The road from Ostend to Dunkirk, which is thirty miles, is in general sandy and disagreeable; excepting the first nine miles, to Newport, which you go on the sand when the tide is out: this is a neat dull town, but has a good harbour, and is pretty full of inhabitants; it was formerly a place of great trade,

but is now much gone off. Near this town the famous battle was fought, which took its name from it.

Furnes is six miles farther, a small town; but strongly fortified; here is an English church.

Dunkirk is a large handsome town; streets broad and lively, and the town rich and full of inhabitants. The inhabitants are computed at sixty thousand. The harbour was formerly a remarkably fine one, till it was almost destroyed by the conditions of the peace at Aix la Chapelle, in 1748; but is now repairing very fast, and promises soon to become almost as good as ever. The fortifications are also now nearly as strong as they were formerly.

Calais is twenty-seven miles from Dunkirk. We breakfasted at Gravelines, which is half way: this is small, but one of the strongest and best fortified towns in France; in other respects it is dirty and disagreeable, and badly

peopled. There is a convent of English nuns in it.

From Gravelines to Calais the road is vile, sandy, and so uneven, that you hardly can exceed four miles an hour.

Calais is a small neat town; the market-place is large and handsome; and there is a very good church and town-hall. The harbour is small, but capable of containing vessels of four hundred tons. Dessin's famous inn is too well known to need any description; it is, I suppose, one of the finest in the world, and considering how much it is frequented, far from a dear one.

The play-house in it, is very neat; in front of it the six patriots*, natives of this town, who devoted themselves apparently to death for the good of it, in the reign of Edward the third, are honourably mentioned. There is here a strong garrison of two thousand men,

* Among them Eustace de St. Pierre was most conspicuous.

and the barracks are large and convenient. There are many genteel families at Calais, and the inhabitants are reckoned to speak the language very well. I have been five days wind bound, and shall sail to-morrow to Dover, and I will write to you from thence.

Yours, &c.

Dover, October 20, 1782.

WE are safe arrived at this town, after a tolerable passage of ten hours.

Before I release you from a troublesome correspondent, give me leave to hazard some remarks on the French. I am sensible that the subject is almost worn thread-bare, but we all flatter ourselves, that we have something new to say on it; thus does self-love deceive us, and I must rely on your candour to pardon this vanity. The French are a quiet, inoffensive people, without the least tincture of malice; they are very attentive to strangers, and polite; tall and thin in their persons, and lively in their dispositions. Many persons say, that they are, at times, as low spirited as we are; and indeed the word *ennui*, which we have no word to express that conveys the exact meaning of it, helps

to confirm that opinion ; but I cannot say that I ever saw any of them but lively and active ; it is in general supposed, that the lightness of their food and clearness of air are the occasion of this, as they do not eat so much meat, drink so hard, or have so many fogs as the northern nations.

They keep very early hours*, seldom dining after one, or supping after nine ; as they dine so early, breakfast with them is a trifling meal, and a Frenchman will frequently make one, on a crust of bread and glass of wine.

They finish their dinner with coffee and a glass of liqueur, both which they have in perfection.

The women are in general smart and lively, and well made ; the universal custom of not wearing stays is a great advantage to their shapes ; but have bad complexions ; to which contributes the

* They now adopt English hours.

universal custom of regularly putting on paint when they marry: they have, however, a most pleasing manner and address, which is very insinuating with strangers, to whom they are very attentive.

The salutation of the men, who kiss you on each cheek, seems strange, at first, to an Englishman; as does also the custom of men's wearing ear-rings, for we are too apt not to make allowances for different customs.

The clergy of France are divided into two parts, the regular and secular; the former, monastic, the latter, parochial clergy and canons: there is no order of men more polite than this, as the monks are often of a good family, particularly the Capuchins, which, though one of the most austere orders, have always men of high birth among them.

Friars used to travel every where without expence, by which means there were many in the public carriages; a

thing not very pleasant to the other passengers, especially in hot weather, as many of them, by the rules of their order, are obliged to be without linen and stockings.

The revenues of the clergy are amazing; but the King seems determined, like the Emperor, not to suffer any longer so much money to be out of circulation, as he has suppressed many of them in different places.

That religious societies are a great hurt to a nation can be no doubt; if persons voluntarily enter into a state of life, which, like the Beguines, they can quit when they like, the case is altered; but all compulsion is bad, and when once the nuns have taken the vow, it requires such interest to get them dissolved as hardly can be obtained, for the pope is the only one who has the power to do it.

They have a year's noviciate, but in that time they are treated with such in-

dulgence, and see every thing in so favourable a light, that they think their future station will be most desirable; and too late find the difference, when they are compelled to finish their lives in mortification and constraint, and a perpetual deprivation of the innocent pleasures of life; such a sacrifice can be expected of no one, and nothing but the greatest bigotry could have supposed that it can be acceptable to God.

At the suppression of many convents, the nuns of them have had but small pensions to maintain them, which is the height of cruelty, ignorant as they are of the method to gain a livelihood.

With regard to monks the case is very different, as men are under much less restraint than women; and of their religious orders, except that of la Trappe, there is none in which the friars do not lead pleasant lives, compared with the nuns, for at least they enjoy that sweetest of all blessings, liberty; and

can go out when they please, nor have the inexpressible mortification of being immured in gloomy walls, with the melancholy prospect of ending their days in them; and forced, with aching hearts, to put on smiling countenances, for the nuns always say that they are happy, however ill their looks and words correspond.

The military are a very considerable body in this country; it is said the king can bring with ease into the field, one hundred and fifty thousand men*, but, from the narrowness of their pay, they can scarcely support life; and the officers, unless they are men of rank and fortune, seldom can marry till they are advanced in life; and this is also one reason of the small proportion which population has in France, to the extent of country.

The troops are well disciplined, and

* How small a number when compared with the present French army.

fine men ; the uniform of the infantry is white, and the cavalry green and blue.

The young officers are in general conceited and boasting men, and it is hazardous for women of character to associate with them ; but at forty, and after that age, an officer is a most agreeable and valuable companion ; the fire of youth is then passed, and from having more knowledge of the world, he is enabled to correct those faults which before were such a disgrace to him.

Abbés, in France, are very frequent, and the dress of them (the long close coat and little buttons) is a cover often for great villanies ; and it is not an uncommon thing to hear, *Morbleu ! Mons. l'Abbé est un Fripon.*

This is to be understood of those who put on the dress preparatory, as they pretend, to taking orders.

The theatres at Paris are very respectable ; and I had the pleasure, as I

mentioned, of seeing Preville in *la Barbier de Seville*, at *la comedie Françoise*, and to hear *Madame du Gazon*, at *la comedie Italienne*, both, I believe, unrivalled in their genre.

To us the œconomy of the French appears astonishing. An income of two thousand livres* is a very decent one among them ; and they are very frugal and temperate in their meals ; drunkenness is a vice hardly known among them.

They are so saving in the article of fire, that they will make two small pieces of wood, placed pyramidically, last a whole day. This, of course, is to be understood as referring to the Bourgeois and lower orders.

They are slovenly and dirty in their persons, and such snuff-takers, that none of them are without a snuff-box.

They are vehement in their discourse,

* About eighty-four pounds.

and make use of numberless actions and grimaces, and high-flown expressions, such as *Je mourrai de desespoir*, *Je suis petrifié*, &c. &c. which mean nothing, for, as a nation, none can be less sincere.

The French live chiefly on soups* and made dishes, and are very fond of rich sauces ; but not understanding how to melt butter, they oil it, which is very nauseous to an English stomach ; when they are shewn how to melt it, they call it *sauce blanche*.

Titles in France are very common, and *monsieur*, *le comte*, and *marquis*, are every where to be met with ; but there is a great difference between the real titles conferred by the king and those purchased with land. The peers of France are very respectable, but the *Roturiers* quite the contrary, though they live very comfortably in their cha-

* I often heard of a dish of frogs as very common in France, but never could procure one.

teaux, or rather *maisons de campagne* ; these are about equal to our country esquires.

They used to dress up children of five or six years old, like men and women, in bags and swords, and large hoops, and their hair dressed with the utmost elegance ; but by degrees, in this, as in many other things, they are imitating us, and leaving off this strange unnatural custom.

As to religion, the French are not bigotted like the Spaniards or Portuguese, but are the most moderate of all the catholics, and are daily breaking through the cloud of superstition, in which they have been so long immersed ; they begin now to see through priestcraft, and penetrate into the motives of the ignorance in which they have so long kept them*.

* They now seem to be in the other extreme, and have very little religion at all ; one effect, among others, of their pernicious philosophy.

The most difficult thing in the language, which is a branch of the Celtic, is the accent ; which is seldom properly attained, unless persons go young into the country. English is becoming as fashionable in France as French is with us.

The chief good resulting from the despotism of the government is the police ; this is under excellent regulations, and those disorders are seldom heard of, which the licentiousness of manners, proceeding from a free government, too often gives rise to. In all fortified towns the centinels go their rounds at a stated hour, to see that all is right, and whenever they meet any one, cry *qui vive?* and if he does not answer, or give a good account of himself, on this question being put to him three times, he runs the risk of being shot, or at least taken into custody.

The early hours which they keep have this convenience to travellers, that

they find every body up, and the towns and villages lively, however soon they set out on mornings: though on the other hand it is not very pleasant to be waked by six or seven in the morning by a hair-dresser, to know whether you are ready to have your hair dressed; which is no uncommon thing.

In the whole, (abstracted from the love which one naturally has to one's own country), France, I think, must be the pleasantest of any in Europe to live in; whether we consider its fertility, the reasonableness of provisions, the pleasantness of the climate, the gaiety of amusements, and the good humour and affability of the inhabitants, and their attention to strangers.

Thus have I finished my Tour, and flatter myself that I have reaped both profit and pleasure from it, and at the same time have endeavoured to comply with your request.

I shall be not a little gratified if it has amused you, and convinced you how truly

I am,

Yours most sincerely.

JOURNEY
TO
LYONS AND GENEVA,
THROUGH BURGUNDY,
IN
1787.

WITH AN EXCURSION TO THE GLACIERES, AND RETURN TO
ENGLAND, THROUGH SWITZERLAND, THE MARGRAVATE
OF BADEN, DOURLACH, ALSACE, THE PALATI-
NATE, AND DOWN THE RHINE.

JOURNEY TO LYONS, &c.

Boulogne, Sept. 7, 1787.

IT is with great pleasure, my dear friend, that I comply with your desire of acquainting you with my safe arrival at this town. I am just landed, after a charming passage of two hours and three quarters, which is an uncommonly fine one. I should think that no one would hesitate a moment at preferring this passage to that of Calais; since it is made in about the same time, and you save four posts and an half of the dullest road in France. I went quietly to bed, which I have found, by experience, to be the best way; and was very little sick, though the dirty con-

dition of every thing on board the vessel was sufficient of itself to have made almost any one so, for it was a French boat; and I believe that no one, however partial, will hesitate to pronounce in favour of the English in point of cleanliness; indeed I am sorry to see the time when our Gallic neighbours are permitted to have any passage-boats. Our brave ancestors, who claimed and maintained the dominion of the seas, kept them from this privilege, at the expence of their blood; and we have tamely given it up without a struggle, when, by the most authentic accounts, they were in so bad a condition at the time of the peace, that they could not long have insisted on any thing. Perhaps it may be said, that the thing was unjust in itself; but that argument would have been good in the golden age, but in ours, *Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit*; force now occupies the place of justice, and it must

not be enquired, who has the justest cause, but who is the strongest. In short, since it has been thought, for so long a time, of such consequence to keep this privilege to ourselves, I am Briton enough to wish that our ministry had thought so too, and been firm in their resolutions, in which case I don't doubt, they would have succeeded; but these murmurings are fruitless. So far by way of digression, which you must excuse, as you may remember, when your friendship prompted you to solicit my correspondence, I agreed with you to take this privilege. I did not get up from my bed, or rather hole, (for you know the beds in these cabins are little better than holes), till I was called to look at the pillar erected to the memory of the unfortunate Pilatre de Rozier, who, with his friend Romaine, perished so miserably a few years ago in their aerial attempts. The fate of this young man was much to be

lamented, as he bore an excellent character, and was in affluent circumstances; the *famu sitis* was his ruin. The day was clear, and we saw the pillar distinctly, though at some miles distance; and gave a sigh to the memory of the unsuccessful adventurers. Here we had a view of Boulogne, which has not a very fine appearance from the sea; as the lower town, the part nearest to it, is very mean and dirty.

It was low water when we came, and we were obliged to be taken on shore on the backs of women, who surrounded us. (Here, I think, I see you laugh, put on a face of wonder, and make allowances for travellers; but it is no more strange than true). These women were half dressed, and had legs as large or larger than men's, and gave us more the idea of beasts of burden, than the delicate sex to which they belonged; such are the Boulogne fishwomen, nor were they unequal to the task, for

though we had one or two passengers, which seemed to baffle their strength, they carried them to the shore, the distance of several yards, with the greatest ease ; but now we were worse off than ever ; the confusion of the tower of Babel was hardly equal to that which prevailed here ; for not only all these women, with men and children, kept up a constant noise about us to let them conduct us to an inn, but they began to seize upon the baggage, thinking that the surest way to succeed ; and we were obliged, however unwillingly, to lose that respect which is due to the sex ; and paying them twelve sols (which is equal to six-pence of our money), for the baggage ; we guarded our trunks with our sticks, and proceeded in due order along the sand, and through the lower town to the Hotel Royal ; where we were hospitably received by Monsieur Ambron, and welcomed with the smiles of madame and mademoiselle

his daughter. Though my trunk was very small, the distance was so great that I had to pay twenty-four sols for the carriage of it; so that with the half-guinea for the passage, shilling head-money, for permission to carry one's head out of the kingdom, half-a-crown to the captain, a shilling to the sailors, a *douceur* to monsieur le Commissaire, and the expence of a boat to the shore, as they generally contrive it shall be low water*; a traveller cannot be set down in his inn for much less than a guinea, though people in general only appropriate half to it. The money to the captain and sailors is not obliged to be given, but, at the expence of a few shillings, it is best to conform to received customs. It is noon, and I hear the summons for dinner, which

* The captain tells you, you may wait in his vessel till high water; but this is an indulgence few persons avail themselves of, as they have had enough of sea sickness.

are by no means unpleasant, as I came from Dover without a breakfast. I shall stay here a day, and if I have time, will write to you again from hence.

Yours, &c.

Boulogne Sur Mer, Sept. 7, 1787.

BOULOGNE is the Gessoriacum of the Romans, and supposed to be the Portus Iccius of Cæsar: it is generally known by the name of Sur Mer: it is divided into two parts, the upper and lower town, separated by a strong gate; the former is handsome and well built, with many good houses; in this is the cathedral, which is a very fine one, with a number of marble pillars in it; but it is situated in a crowded spot, which takes much from the beauty of it. The bishop's palace adjoining to it, is a long old building, with a great number of apartments; the revenues of the bishopric are about one thousand five hundred pounds per annum. The bishop is a most exemplary man, and, in this age of dissipation, remarkable for strictly performing the duties of his function; he rises at

the unfashionable hours of six in summer and seven in winter, and gives away the greatest part of his income to the poor. I saw him saying mass at the chapel of the Annonciades, and his coach, which was waiting for him, more resembled Noah's ark than the carriage of a man of fashion, and his whole equipage was answerable to it. I was not much surprised at it, when I found on enquiry that he had had it above thirty years, for he makes it a rule to have no unnecessary expences; by which means he has always sufficient for his charitable purposes.

The walks on the ramparts are beautiful, and extend round the town; there is a fine view from them of the sea; and I could not help wishing, as I cast my eyes towards the coast of England, which is clearly discernible when the weather is fine, that you were with me to enjoy this fine scene; for the sun was setting, and a serene even-

ing was succeeding to a tempestuous day ; the air was perfectly still, and nature seemed to be quite composed : the beautiful Boulonnoises were taking their evening walks, and solacing themselves after the fatigues of the day ; “ forgot all time, all seasons, and their “ change,” in the pleasing conversation of their lovers ; in short, I don’t know when I have enjoyed a scene more highly. One of the five passengers, which made up the cargo of our little vessel, was so obliging as to accompany me in my walks ; and here I cannot help speaking of the politeness of the French, and paying them the tribute which is due to them : you no sooner arrive at a place, and it is known that *monsieur est un étranger*, than you have immediate offers of having the town shewn you, and gentlemen vie with each other in their expressions of politeness, which are by no means empty ones ; they never shew any signs

of being weary of this kind office : the comparison is so much in disfavour of my own countrymen, whom I deservedly esteem for their much superior qualities, that I will not enter upon so insidious a task. Boulogne was taken from Francis the first in 1544, by Henry the eighth, in person, and restored in 1550 for four hundred thousand crowns in lieu of it, and the arrears due from the crown of France.

The Kings of France, from Louis the eleventh, have been accustomed, on coming to the crown, to offer to our Lady of Boulogne, a heart of massy gold, of the weight of two thousand crowns, and this custom is still observed.

The lower town, at least that part which is nearest the sea, is poor and miserable ; but the upper part of it much better, consisting of some good streets ; the rue Royale, which leads to the upper town, will vie with most

streets in France for breadth and beauty.

There are eighteen thousand inhabitants in Boulogne, a great number of which are English ; for this town is so conveniently situated, and provisions are so reasonable in it, that many of our countrymen quit their *natale solum* for it.

The port and harbour are not good, as there is a bad bar.

The fortifications are now not very strong, but they have in age what they want in strength ; and part of the castle is said to have been built by Julius Cæsar, who built more castles than any prince ever did, if we are to believe all that are given to him.

The Boulonnois, owing perhaps, in a great measure, to their constant intercourse with protestants, are not very bigotted, and there are few religious communities in it ; there are only three convents of men, and two of women.

and not many churches ; the chapel of the Annonciades is a very fine one ; but I could not learn that there was any thing remarkable in the others. It is sixty leagues of post from Boulogne to Paris. We dined elegantly at the hotel Royal, for thirty sols (fifteen-pence) a head, and this, with ten for wine, six for coffee and liqueur, will make the whole come to about two shillings English. Our beds were twenty sols each. I have taken a place in the Paris diligence.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

Amiens, September 8, 1787.

I SET off from Boulogne in the diligence, which our countrymen, who are used to the carriages which we call by that name, would look upon with a face of wonder, though we took the name from the French, but in that, as in many other things, we have improved upon their inventions. This diligence is made large enough to hold ten people, four on each side, and one before each door; it is very long and heavy, with but little glass to enliven it, but what it wants in beauty it has in strength, and conveys the idea of a waggon more than a coach; we were only six in number, an Italian, three French, an Englishman, and myself; so that we had abundance of room: to the diligence was fixed a cabriolet, a kind of one horse chaise, which was large enough for the conducteur and one more pas-

senger, who paid only two-thirds of the fare of the inside. As it was fine, I rode often in this, as there were comfortable leather curtains to it, and as I had the advantage of seeing the country, it was preferable, in good weather, to the diligence: in spite of the weight of the equipage, the horses, six in number, jogged on with their rope harness between five and six miles an hour; there were two postillions, as the conducteur is answerable for the baggage, and regulates every thing; so that he smokes his pipe in his cabriolet, and is very comfortable. The day was fine, and I was fortunate in my companions, as the Frenchmen, with all allowances for their nation, were silent enough. We went through a pleasant country to Samers, a disagreeable bourg, situated on a high hill, where, however, there is a handsome convent of Benedictine monks. The good fathers have every thing in abundance, and are

glad to have boarders; they are remarkably partial to the English. Here a gentleman, who wishes to learn the language, may live elegantly, hunt, shoot, read, &c. &c. for less than thirty pounds a year. I was told that they had every thing in themselves: ponds, well stocked with fish; a manor full of game; gardens, abounding in fruit; and what, though last, is by no means the least article with these gentlemen, a cellar full of excellent wine; so that I would recommend this convent to all my friends. I am so tired, that I will resume my narrative after dinner.

Yours, &c.

FROM Samers to Montreuil it is five leagues. This is a small, but strongly fortified town, built on a steep hill, and much frequented by the noblesse ; here we dined, at la Cour de France, a good inn, but whether reasonable or not, I cannot tell, as the conducteur paid all the bills at the inns, which saves one a great deal of trouble ; you pay from Boulogne to Paris, but nine livres (seven shillings and six-pence) for your provisions, and two pounds ten shillings is the fare of an inside passenger.

We had a very good dinner at Montreuil, and monsieur Varenne, the landlord, came in and drank a glass of wine with us, and, at the age of eighty-one, entertained us not a little with his lively sallies ; he never had had a day's sickness ; no small proof of the healthiness of the situation of Montreuil*. There

* Or of his own temperance.

are many young English in this town in general, to learn the language, as it is spoken here very well. We proceeded through an open, and not very pleasant, country to Nampont, three leagues, Bernay two, and Nouvion two, all insignificant places, till after having come nine post miles from the last-mentioned place, we arrived in the evening at Abbeville, where we were to stay all night. This is a large handsome city, built on the rapid and beautiful river Somme; this is in the province of Picardy, as we had some time before quitted the Boulonnois.

Abbeville is surnamed, *la Pucelle* and *la Fidelle**, as they say it has never been taken; there are several good churches and convents in it.

Near this town is Creci, famous for the ever memorable battle, which was

* This title is given to many cities, and among others, *Peroune*.

fought between the English and French, in the reign of Edward the third, when that monarch, by the defeat of his enemies, with such an inferiority of forces as is scarcely credible, first obtained that superiority over the French, which his successors so effectually maintained*.

We were at l'Etoile, a bad house, with bad victuals, bad wine, and bad accommodations.

The country round Abbeville is romantic, and prettily interspersed with woods, and full of game. I shall finish this by and by.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

* And never more than at present, 1808.

Amiens, Sept. 8, 1787.

WE left Abbeville at two in the morning, and went through Lilli le haut Clocher to Flixecourt, which is a pretty village, and a post; where, of course, we changed horses, for they change very often, though the distance varies, as it is from one post to one and an half, or sometimes two, which is twelve miles; two post leagues are seldom above a league and an half, or four miles and an half. We were heartily glad to get a good breakfast of coffee and toast at la Cour de France, at Flixecourt; for the conducteur lets the passengers chuse their breakfast, either meat and sour wine, or coffee, &c. a l' Anglaise. At Flixecourt, I had the

curiosity to go into the parish church, but was not much gratified for my trouble, as it was very old, and much crowded with benches; but there was nothing in it worthy of remark. The next post is Pequigni, a bourg situated on a steep hill, famous for a treaty between Henry the eighth and François premier*; near this is an abbey of Benedictines, on the Somme, which we passed here. The road now began to be very lively, as the countrymen were conducting their damsels to the parish churches to mass; and we met frequent parties of shooters, in pursuit of game, which is very plentiful in this country, and Sundays and holidays are the days appropriated to this. We now ascended a very high hill, from whence there is a fine prospect of the adjacent country, and in a little time arrived at

* Called the treaty of Pequigni.

Amiens ; where we dined at the Messagerie, with my fellow travellers. The method of having your expences defrayed on the road, by the proprietors of the diligence, is a very good one ; as strangers, who are unacquainted with the language or customs of a country, are almost certain of being imposed upon at an inn ; they allow you three meals, breakfast, dinner, and supper, and you have every thing very good, except the wine, which is generally sour. The most disagreeable part of the whole is the earliness of the hours ; as they commonly set off at two or three in the morning ; breakfast at six, dine at eleven, or at farthest at twelve, and sup at eight ; so that it is some time before you can accustom yourself to the hours. As to other things it is pleasant enough ; as you often meet with a variety of characters, of different nations, which are very amusing. I

shall give you some account of myself from Paris in my next*.

Yours, &c.

* At Amiens I had a curious instance how much our neighbours are behind us in useful things. Happening to want a shaving brush, I sent out for one, and they brought me what more resembled a clothes brush than any thing else; so that I was obliged to be shaved *à la Française*, or have a long beard like a Jewish Rabbi.—I could not help making a comparison between the mechanic arts in the two countries so near each other.

Paris, September 10, 1787.

HAVING been at Amiens before, and resided there some time, I just called at my host's, and rejoined my fellow travellers, who were ready to set off. We left our Italian at Amiens, which was rather a loss to us, as he was a well-behaved man, and corrected the noisy impertinence of one or two of our Frenchmen, especially a young cox-combical officer, of 17 or 18, who was joining his corps for the first time, and very disagreeable, continually talking of the power of his king; but we charitably hoped that a few years would make him wiser.

I had stayed so long at my host's, that I found monsieur le conducteur quite impatient.

Off then we set, at a round trot; and the postillions neither spared the

smacking of their whips, nor the use of them ; but made the poor lean beasts, in their rope harness, exert themselves.

I went the same road which I had gone before, by Hebecourt, Fleur, Clermont, &c. and Chantilli ; as we dined there, I had just time to take one more look at the prince de Condé's superb chateau, which will bear often visiting. I was as much charmed with it the second time as the first ; it is a magnificent place, and worthy of a great prince*.

It was late in the evening before we arrived at this place, and I was not sorry to get some rest ; as, besides being many hours on the road, I was pretty well jolted in the diligence, which is not quite so easy as an English chaise. I propose staying a few days in this metropolis, and then proceeding, with two

* Chantilli came into the prince de Condé's family by the Montmorencis.

English gentlemen, who have been waiting for me some time, to Lyons, by the way of Burgundy.

After dinner at Amiens, a cordelier, one of the mendicant order of friars, came to us asking alms; and, after having collected a few sixpences, wished much, from gratitude, to shew us his convent; he was a sensible, conversible man; but many of these mendicants are very troublesome. Adieu. I will write soon.

Yours, &c.

Paris, September 11, 1787.

I WAS not sorry to refresh my memory with revisiting some of the places of this celebrated metropolis. I was last night with some friends, who live in the rue d'Amboise, at the new Comedie Italienne* ; I was in their box, and was much charmed with the difference of the theatres, and still more with their different situations : that in the rue de Mancouseil was old, dark, and in a narrow and confined street, in which you were hemmed in by carriages ; and *Garde, garde*, resounded on all sides.

They are not improved in their fiacres or hackney coaches ; but still the coachmen stand behind the box, and, in that

* In the French theatres, the prompter appears out of a trap-door, in the centre of the stage, as in our Opera-house.

manner, drive their miserable horses, which are even worse than ours.

Nothing can be dirtier, or more uneasy than these coaches. They have, however, more English ones than ever.

In general there is not much difference between the London and Paris fares. The streets in Paris are so narrow, and without trottoirs, that coaches are much used. I am going to the opera* this evening, and will write soon. I do not expect to meet with much company, as most of the beau monde is at their maisons de Campagne.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

* The prices at the opera and play-houses are much the same as in London; except that in the parterre, which answers to our pit, they pay but twenty-four sous, with this difference, however, that you are obliged to stand the whole time. Here, however, I have often seen well-dressed people, in bags, ruffles, &c. with whom I had just dined at the table d'hôte, at half-a-crown a head. The prices of the boxes are thus distinguished, les premieres loges, secondes loges, &c.

Paris, Sept. 12, 1787.

AS my companions are impatient to set out, I propose curtailing my séjour in this city, and this I can do the more readily, as I have seen before, the most curious things in it, and near it. We are at l'hotel d'Angleterre et Russie réunis, rue neuve St. Marc, rue de Richlieu. It is a very good, though a very dear house*. We pay five shillings for our beds, and five shillings a day for our sitting-room. We have our coffee and rolls a l'Angloise from the coffee-house, and our dinners from the traiteur, and very good ones, at three livres a head.

* The rooms are furnished in the highest stile, with looking glasses from the top to the bottom; marble tables, girandoles, &c. &c.

Our hotel is very near the Boulevards ; which is the prettiest part of Paris, and full of life.

We propose to set off in the Montreau barge to-morrow, in our way to Fontainbleau, as we intend visiting that celebrated palace. I will write to you from thence.

I am,

Yours, &c.

Fontainebleau, Sept. 14, 1787.

AS we had intended, we set off in the morning for this place ; they are so exact, that they wait for nobody ; and we were so tardy, that they had just put off as we got to the quay ; the consequence of this was, that we were obliged to have a boat to overtake the barge, which was almost as much as its fare. There were, when we went, a hundred persons on board ; but they increased so much in our passage, that there was, I dare say, almost double the number before we left it. This vessel is a hundred feet by eighteen ; but there are not good accommodations ; the greatest part of the passengers, as the weather was fine, enjoyed it upon deck ; the rest arranged themselves, as well as they could, in small cabins, or

rather recesses, on each side underneath, in which were fixed benches and tables ; some made parties at cards and domino* ; others read ; and all were employed different ways.

In the middle, or passage, were girls, with all kinds of fruits, toys, and cakes, enticing the passengers to deal with them ; they modestly asked above double the value of their goods ; the whole was a lively scene, and had the appearance of a fair. On the other side of the vessel was a woman with her cook's shop, who was continually roasting and boiling ; she had her closet for bread, butter, and all sorts of provisions ; here we had coffee for breakfast, for which we gave four-pence ; and at noon, our soup, bouilli, tarts, and desert, for which we gave a shilling each. We were badly off for tables, for there were

* This is a very simple game played much in France ; it suits the French, as very little thought is required in it.

too many of us to be well supplied; and not much better as to knives and forks; so in the whole, we had but a scrambling meal.

There are boats continually bringing passengers to the vessel, and conveying them to the shore; as this mode of conveyance is so pleasant and reasonable, that some came on board who had only to go three or four miles, from one village to another.

We were drawn up the river only by two horses, and did not go three miles an hour. The borders of the river are beautiful; interspersed with gentlemen's houses, and convents (built chiefly of stone), villages and vineyards*. Two leagues from Paris, we passed by the gardens of Choisi le Roy; and a little after came to the village of St. Jaques, which is very romantic.

Twenty miles from Paris is a good

* The wine, however, made in this neighbourhood, is not very good.

house of the duchess of Bourbon, called Petit Bourg. The house is large, with twenty windows in front, and is on an eminence opposite the river. The grounds are pretty, and laid out with taste. Before Petit Bourg we passed Corbeil, formerly a town of some consequence, but now only a large village ; it is still, however, very populous, and has three parish churches. Here is a good bridge over the Seine, and the corn-market is a handsome building.

At Corbeil we changed horses, as it was about half way to the place of our destination. Between this and Petit Bourg we had entered into the province of la Brie, which is very rich.

About thirty miles from Paris is a noble house, belonging to the prince of Salme, not long since sold to a rich farmer general* ; the purchase money,

* The farmers general are thought to be the richest body in France ; but they do not get their money in the most creditable manner.

there is too much reason to fear, was got by fleecing the people ; as this body of men is a disgrace to a civilized kingdom.

The house is elegantly built in the Italian manner ; and that and the stables are magnificent. The grounds are very extensive, overlooking the river. There is a large wood, abounding in various kinds of game, as we saw, by the huntsmen, who took a great deal in sight of us.

Thirty-two miles from Paris is St. Assise, where we quitted our boat, which was going to Montereau, and afterwards on the Yonne to Auxerre ; we were not sorry to come to this place, as, in spite of the beauty of the country, we were heartily fatigued with this slow conveyance.

St. Assise is a small village, in which, however, is a tolerable inn. It was quite dark when we got to it ; but the next morning we went over the house

which belonged to the famous duchess of Kingston*. The late duc d'Orleans, whose it was, spent great part of his time in it, with the marchioness de —, his reputed mistress; but, in the opinion of the world, his wife. This prince died here, much lamented by the people in his neighbourhood, to whom he had been a great benefactor. The present Duke disposed of it to monsieur, the King's brother, who sold that and the estate for a large sum to the duchess of Kingston. The house is large, and the apartments magnificent. There is a very good theatre†. The grounds are extensive; and the situation of the house, overlooking the river, charming.

Ferrying over the Seine, we soon gained the main road to Fontainebleau, and took post horses and a cabriolet; the beauty of these twelve or fourteen

* She was unburied at Paris, till the validity of her will could be ascertained.

† In many of the houses of the nobility in France there is a theatre.

miles is inconceivable ; we soon got into the forest, which is very fine ; it is a rock, full of noble trees, and abounding in wild boars, deer, &c. There are many parts of this, which much resemble the beautiful rocks of Wales. The King and princes of the blood hunt here constantly, as it is not above thirty miles from Paris. The comte d'Artois had not long before killed above seventy head of game in one day ; nor is this to be wondered at, when it is known, that the royal family declare their intentions of hunting several days before, and the chasseurs take care to get the game out of their holes, and collect them, as it were, in a ring, by which means, they and their attendants, which are numerous, have nothing to do but take and destroy, as they have not the trouble of finding : you will agree with me, that this is not hunting *à l'Angloise* ; but every country has its peculiar customs.

The view of Fontainbleau and the castle, through a long avenue, is very fine. In my next I shall give you some account of this celebrated palace.

Fontainbleau, Sept. 15, 1787.

THIS palace consists of five courts, built irregularly, and at different times ; the first part was built by Louis the seventh, or Louis le Jeune, as far back as the twelfth century ; Francis the first also added a great deal to it ; but the King, who embellished this palace the most, was Henry the fourth ; this great prince, who was very fond of hunting, (and no place could be fitter for it than this), resided here a great deal, with his courtiers and mistresses ; for they make up five hundred beds at Fontainbleau. The part in which the present King and Queen lodge, is built of fine stone ; but the rest is of brick.

The apartments of the King and Queen are noble, and superbly furnished ; as also those of monsieur the comte d'Artois ; the latter is often here, on ac-

count of hunting, as is the King, for a day or two ; but the whole court generally passes the month of October at Fontainebleau ; the people of the town were lamenting that they did not come this year, as it was a great loss to them.

There is a great deal of Gobelin tapestry in many of the rooms. The chapel and theatre are very elegant ; in the former is a gallery for the King and Queen, which communicates with the house ; the latter is small, but neat ; when the King comes, the companies of the three theatres of Paris, or at least select performers from them, accompany him ; when he defrays the whole expence of the performance, and no one is admitted without a ticket from the chamberlain.

The gardens are by no means large, but made out of the solid rock, which runs through the whole country ; and there is a fine fountain playing out of a piece of the rock, which is left on

purpose ; there is also an orangery, the best trees of which have been carried away to Versailles.

The canal is about a mile in length, and here are some of the largest and finest fish I ever saw.

The gallery is a noble one ; it is a hundred and sixty feet in length, and full of the portraits of most of the kings of France ; but among them I looked in vain for one of that hero, Henry the fourth, the greatest King this country ever produced, and that his countrymen are now fully sensible of : for although they never esteemed him when alive as they ought, they are now conscious of the value of the King they have lost, and revere his memory.

It is an unpleasant reflection, that the true value of persons seldom is known till they are taken from us, when it is too late to shew our esteem for them.

The town of Fontainebleau is not very

large, but not badly built: it was one of their market-days, when we were there; and it was astonishing to see the quantity of provisions, and the concourse of people, which was so great, that we could hardly pass; I at first thought it was a fair. This is a very pleasant country, and all sorts of provisions are very reasonable.

Fontainebleau is in the Gatinois. We slept at the Sirene*, a good house; but we were obliged to take off half-a-crown from the bill; no unusual thing with strangers.

Adieu,

Your's, &c.

* The landlady, with an important countenance, told us, that she had a complete tea equipage, à l'Angloise; for that she often had the company of les messieurs de cette nation. She was also desired, by my companions, to dress a beef-steak à l'Angloise, and very good-naturedly complied with their request; nor did her cookery disgrace her.

Auxerre, September 16, 1787.

AT Fontainebleau we hired a carriage, which they called a cabriolet, but which had much more of the clumsiness of a cart in it, to carry us to Ville Neuve la Guyard, eighteen miles ; two of us sat behind on a narrow seat, and the other with the driver, on a front one ; this had the advantage of the prospect, but was a most uneasy place.

The first part of the road was pleasant, through the forest ; the latter part more dreary, near Ville Neuve la Guyard ; on the left we had a fine view of the Seine, and the town of Montereau, known by the name of Montereau Faut-Yonne, from the river, I imagine, being shallow there. It is famous for the assassination of the duke of Burgundy*,

* The duke of Orleans had been assassinated by the duke of Burgundy. Thus is it *necis artifices*, &c.

who was killed on the bridge by order of the dauphin, afterwards Charles the seventh. Ville Neuve la Guyard is a small town, with nothing very curious in it. At the inn we could get nothing to eat, and no conveyance on our journey; however, at last, we were obliged to hire a carriole, a sort of carriage much used in this part of the country; it is very light, but uneasy, as it is not hung on springs, and more resembles a long tilted cart, than any thing else: in the inside there are seats, in general covered with cushions; but some of them are so low, that you cannot sit up; and if you do not lie along, are continually in danger of hitting your head. You seldom, however, get these jolting carriages, if you have two horses, for less than eight-pence or nine-pence a mile; as they always take advantage of the great scarcity of carriages in this road; which, though not frequented, is beautiful. If you can make a good

bargain, you may sometimes get one for six or eight livres, for a stage of eight or ten miles, for the price is not regulated.

About five miles from Sens, we passed the Yonne, on a handsome bridge. This is a post, and called Pont sur Yonne, and is a most lively spot.

Sens is a large old town, built on this river; the cathedral* is a noble gothic building, with a very fine altar-piece.

This is the seat of an archbishop, and there are besides, sixteen prebendaries, thirty-six minor canons, and forty-six chaplains, all pretty well paid; for in this country, as in general in France, the inferior clergy are but poorly off. The tower of the cathedral is high, and seen at a great distance. Here two little girls came, with their boxes, to ask our charity for the school, with so

* In this cathedral the family of the present King is buried; and among them, the dauphin and dauphiness, his father and mother.

good a grace, and in such an elegant manner, that we could not refuse them ; they were not above nine or ten years old, but dressed out after the manner of their country, as if they had been grown up.

Sens is in the province of Champagne. We were at l'Ecu, a very good house.

Here we determined to go on, post, but had great difficulty to procure a carriage ; as the parliament of Paris was exiled at Troyes in Champagne*, at about thirty miles distance, and had procured all the carriages they could get, far and near, in expectation of their return ; at least that was the story the people at the inn told us, to make difficulties, I believe, for the price is fixed ; however, at last we procured

* The former King had had frequent brouilleries with the parliament, which paved the way for the meeting of the Notables and National Convention ; and this brought on the Revolution, and the overthrow of the dynasty of the Bourbons.

one, and set off in the evening. I will proceed in my account in my next.

Yours, &c,

Auxerre, Sept. 16, 1787.

FROM Sens to Ville Neuve le Roi is nine miles. This is a small old town, with vile inns. Here, as something was left behind at Sens, we were obliged to sup, and wait till a messenger returned with it. We were at the Dauphin, the master of which took off five shillings from his bill; and, as it was, charged ten shillings for a bad supper, consisting of two mutton chops, three pigeons, and a little confiture and cream, with two bottles of tolerable wine. We were not sorry to see the parcel arrive; and quitted this house with great satisfaction.

To Ville-Valliers it is one post. This part of the road is beautiful, among vineyards; and the charming river Yonne running along it. To Joigni, one post. This is a small town, finely

and romantically situated on this river ; which you have frequent and fine views of, before you come to Joigni. The town is built on a declivity.

Here, as usual, there are many vineyards, and the environs are most beautiful ; there is here a handsome bridge over the Yonne. We came this last post in a carriole, with post horses ; and paid the same price for that uneasy vehicle, as we should have done for a cabriolet, which we could not get. The price of post horses in this country is forty sous each post, for each horse ; and if there are three people, they make you have three horses ; twenty to the postillion, and if you do not give him a few more, he contrives that the next postillion shall know it, and so on, by which means you will get on but slowly, in spite of all your endeavours. If you want a chaise, it is reckoned as a horse ; but the best way is always to have one of your own ; as otherwise, if

the road is not much frequented, you will be often much troubled, and seldom will find a good one; you will sometimes meet with one, when a gentleman has no further use for it, for twenty pounds, and may sell it again for very little less.

The postillions have, almost all of them, long queues and night caps, and whips with which they make a great noise at every post they come to; and it is astonishing to think, even at night, when they are obliged to call the post people up, how soon they change horses; the harnesses are all rope, and the postillion sits on a little horse, which they call a bidet, and drives the other two, consisting of a large one in the shafts, and another smaller.

Bad as the horses are, you may generally get on six miles an hour, stoppages included; and if you pay the post-boys well, they will go much faster. At Joigni we were obliged to

hire a carriage, to convey us to Auxerre, distant eighteen miles ; the road in general is hilly, and not very pleasant ; but three or four miles from Auxerre, there is a fine view of it.

This is a large old city, and the seat of a bishop, whose revenues are about two thousand pounds a year. The cathedral is a fine old gothic building, with a very high and noble tower ; the grand door is ornamented with niches and old figures, some of which are finely carved.

In the abbey of Benedictines is a very curious vault, full of the bodies of their antient saints. The church is large, but there is nothing much worth in it. The Yonne comes to this town, and there is a good and well-built bridge over it ; there is also a very handsome quay. One may come from Paris to this place, in general, by water ; but the river was so shallow at this time,

owing to the hot summer, that it was impracticable. We were at the Dauphin, at Auxerre, a good house.

Yours, &c.

Dijon, Sept. 19, 1787.

LEAVING Auxerre, we proceeded as usual, in a jolting carriole, to Vermanton, but could not help turning back to look at the city we had just left, which has a fine and venerable appearance.

This stage is very hilly, and full of vineyards, chiefly of the black grape; there were no fences to separate them from the road, and we took as many grapes as we would, without the least molestation; pleading the privilege of strangers, if we saw the proprietors, which was always accepted with the greatest politeness.

To Vermanton it is five charming leagues, and the Yonne, which still accompanied us, running along the valley, added not a little to the beauty of this lovely road.

High as the hills were, which we had hitherto come over, they were nothing to that which we went down to Vermanton ; it is steep and very winding, and at least a mile in length from the top of it. You have a beautiful view of a fine romantic country, and the village under you, which is small ; but (as most of them are in Burgundy), very populous ; they told us, that it contained six hundred inhabitants. The parish church, situated on an eminence, is a very old one ; in short, Vermanton is vastly pretty, surrounded with rocks and vineyards, and in a sweet country.

This is a very expensive neighbourhood, and every thing is very dear ; as a partridge sells for one shilling and three-pence, and meat is three-pence half-penny a pound ; and every thing in proportion, excepting grapes, which are so cheap, that they are seldom sold.

Near this place is the village of St.

Assise, famous for a crystal rock, much resorted to by strangers.

Our two horses, as lean as Rozinante, brought us these eighteen miles, mountainous as they were, with ease in three hours ; as they are so used to hills in this country, that they trot up and down them without difficulty ; after an hour's rest, as we could get no fresh ones, we took them another stage of the same length, and they cheerfully undertook their load again, consisting of four persons and two trunks.

We now began to perceive the difference of the climate, as we were above one hundred and thirty miles from Paris : the nights and mornings were as cold as the days were hot. We were at the 'Three Crowns' at Verman-ton, a tolerable house. As you are, I dare say, by this time, as tired of reading this, as I am of writing, I will finish for the present.

Yours, &c.

Dijon, Sept. 19, 1787.

IT was dark as we went down a long and steep hill to Luis le Bois, distant from Vermanton eighteen miles. This is a small, but a very pleasant village, in which we were obliged to put up with the miserable accommodations which the duc de Bourgogne, a wretched ale-house, frequented only by waggons, afforded us ; consisting of eggs, badly dressed ; some French beans ; and the refuse of giblets, which the waggons had left. All the inns in the place were full. We got, however, a good fire, and clean table-cloth and napkins, which are what you hardly ever fail meeting with in the worst inns in this country ; and made the best of our homely fare. We were fortunate enough to get three tolerable beds.

We were by no means sorry the next

morning to quit these accommodations, and proceed on our journey to Rouvray, fifteen miles distant, through an open disagreeable country, ridge and furrow, with but few vineyards.

Rouvray is a small village. We were at the l'Ecu, the chief-hotel of the place, though but a poor cabaret. Here we counted twenty-seven wine carts, or rather small tilted waggons, in a row. In this part of the country you meet so many of these carriages, that, where the roads are narrow, travelling is quite inconvenient*.

Vineyards in this neighbourhood, as I was told, let for one pound ten shillings, or two pounds an acre, and each farmer has from ten to twenty acres; the appearance of them is much like our hop-grounds the first year of poling, only that the vines grow much thicker

* These are the only carriages you meet, as you scarcely ever see a chaise.

and closer than hops: they add not a little to the beauty of the prospects.

Beer in this country is so scarce, that it is much sought after; and the countrymen eagerly resort thto an alehouse, in which they see that it is sold; it is, however, very indifferent, and hardly to be drank by an Englishman; but it is much pleasanter to these poor wretches, who have worked hard the whole day, than the sour wine which they give them, at two-pence or three-pence a bottle: I tasted some of it once, but never wish to have a second trial.

To Maison Neuve it is four long leagues*. This stage is hilly and woody, and much pleasanter than the other; but on the other hand, we had the most inconvenient, uneasy carriage, that we had had at all; it was so low, that we were obliged to lie along, if we had

* The leagues in this country are computed.

any regard to our bones, and in this situation they were well shaken.

Maison Neuve is a small village, not unpleasantly situated. Besides the money you give for carriages, you are obliged to give a penny a mile to the King, for a permis, or permission to have your sides shaken to pieces.

To Vitreaux, a small dirty town, through an unpleasant country, it is four leagues ; and to Pont Panis, five, through a country full of immense hills and beautiful views.

Pont Panis is a most romantic beautiful spot, consisting of a few houses ; there are all round it rocks, hills, and woods ; and, just by, a most delightful purling stream running among the rocks ; and over this river, called the Louche, there is a neat bridge, from which this place takes its name. All this part of the country much resembles North Wales, and has the same bold views.

We supped and slept at the post; but got in so late, that they were all in bed. It is a good inn; but they took care to make us pay for having called them up the night before; it is inconceivable how quick the hostess was in her preparations; the fire was kindled, and the chicken on the table in less than an hour; so that we paid the bill with tolerable cheerfulness.

To Dijon it is twelve miles, which we went, for the last time, in a carriole, having travelled fifty-two post leagues in these uneasy carriages*.

The rain now, which we had not had for two or three weeks, came in great abundance; and the more unpleasantly, as we had a bad top to our carriage. We began also to find great inconvenience from the flies, which covered the tables and provisions, and they were not easily dismissed.

* About 120 miles.

'This stage* is full of rocks, woods, and hills, or rather mountains; the little river Louche accompanies you the whole way, running along a most beautiful valley. Arrived at the Galere at Dijon at twelve; and here I shall finish this long letter.

Yours, &c.

* Nothing could be more interesting than this journey, particularly to an Englishman. The roads ran between vineyards, and, as may be imagined, we did not spare the grapes, which were just ripe. Indeed we made so free with them, that our teeth would hardly perform their functions at meals. The country people were very obliging, and suffered us to take what we chose, justly thinking we should soon be cloyed. The grapes cultivated in the vineyards, are the black ones; but in the gardens, they have the large white transparent ones.

Dijon, Sept. 20, 1787.

THIS is a noble and beautiful city, the capital of Burgundy, which was formerly a kingdom, and since that, a duchy, whose dukes were descended from the blood royal of France; the first race of them began in Robert*, brother of Henri premier; and ended in Philip, who died at the early age of fourteen. This race flourished three hundred and sixty years. The second race of these dukes began in Philip, fourth son of John, king of France, and ended in Charles le Hardi, who was killed at the battle of Nanci; of this last race there were only four dukes†, all famous for their courage, riches, and

* Third son of Robert, son of Hugh Capet. He died in 1075.

† Philip the Bold, John the Fearless, Philip the Good, and Charles the Bold.

power; two of these four princes perished by violent deaths*. At this city they held their magnificent court, with a splendor superior to that of many crowned heads. It is astonishing how the last dukes increased their dominions, in a short space of time: Charles le Hardi, the last duke, possessed Burgundy, Flanders, Brabant, Limbourg, Namur, Luxembourg, Hainault, &c.; and these vast dominions were acquired by descent, purchase, and fortunate marriages. By this power the dukes were enabled to give laws to most of the princes of Europe, and their alliance was courted by all; of what consequence their friendship was, may be known by the service which Philippe le Bon rendered to Henry the fifth, and his brother, the duke of Bedford, as he was the great instrument of the foot-

* John, assassinated on the bridge of Montereau, by order of the dauphin, afterwards Charles the seventh; and Charles the Hardy, the last duke.

ing which the English got and maintained for so many years. Mary of Burgundy carried these rich dominions into the house of Austria*, by her marriage with Maximilian, son of the emperor Frederick, and afterwards Emperor himself; but, great as the power of these princes was, they were not contented with the title of dukes, but Charles le Hardi had endeavoured to induce the Emperor to erect his dutchy into a kingdom, but failed in his attempt. This great prince, at the latter end of his life, experienced sad reverses of fortune.

About half a mile from Dijon is the convent of the Chartreux, in the church of which are superb monuments of Philip duke of Burgundy, the founder of this church, and John, his son, (who was assassinated on the bridge of Montereau, by order of the dauphin, after-

* Which laid the foundation of the power of the House of Austria.

wards Charles the seventh,) and his wife. The monastery is neat, and pleasantly situated. We are at la Galere, a very good house; where we mean to stay a few days, and taste some Burgundy. I will write to you again from Dijon.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

Dijon, Sept. 23, 1787.

THIS city is finely situated in a pleasant valley ; the streets are broad, and the houses well built ; it is famous for pretty women ; and French is reckoned to be spoken very well here ; but the former are by no means local, and the latter is spoke equally well by genteel people every where. There are said to be about fifty thousand inhabitants in this city. It is much resorted to on account of its beauty, and the healthiness of its situation. The handsomest churches are those of Nôtre Dame, St. Michael, and the Holy Chapel. This last is very old, and was built by Hugh, duke of Burgundy, in consequence of a vow, which he had made when in the

Holy Land, with Saint Louis. Here are the stalls for the knights of the Golden Fleece, an order held in great esteem by all the sovereigns in Europe. Edward the fourth, whose sister was married to the duke, Charles the Bold, was invested with the order by that prince.

The old palace of the dukes is now modernized, and made use of for a variety of things. Le prince de Condé*, the governor, has some magnificent apartments in it; his dining room is ninety-six feet by thirty-six, and elegantly furnished; there are in this room sixteen hundred chandeliers, all made use of on state occasions.

On the staircase is a fine statue of the Belvidera of the Vatican of Rome, done from it by Rineaud, and it is thought by judges to be done in a mas-

* Every thing belonging to this prince is in the highest style.

terly style. The carriage alone of this statue cost three hundred pounds. The cathedral has nothing remarkable ; the bishop has above a thousand a year. This is one of the parliament towns, and at the time of their sitting it is very gay, and much resorted to by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood. At the palace also is the hall, in which the prince, as governor, tries causes. This city was formerly strongly fortified, but now the fortifications are much neglected ; the walls on the ramparts are vastly pretty. At the church of Nôtre Dame is a famous clock, brought from Bruges, and called, for what reason I know not, Jaques Mar ; among many other figures on it, is a man striking with a hammer, like St. Dunstan's, in Fleet-street ; this clock cost a large sum, and is really very curious.

To-morrow I shall leave my companions, whose route lies a different

way, and proceed to Lyons, by Chalons and Macon, in the diligence d'eau. I will write from Lyons.

Yours, &c.

Lyons, Sept. 26, 1787.

I SET off in the diligence for Chalons, distant from Dijon forty-two miles. This road in general is flat and dull.

The only place of any consequence, which you pass through, is Dole*, famous for excellent wine, and surrounded with vineyards. This town has suburbs much larger than itself.

Chalons is a large old city; but has nothing very famous in it. The cathedral is a neat old building; the bishopric is worth about one thousand pounds a year. We dined at the Three Pheasants, a tolerable inn, at half past

* This principality belonged to mademoiselle de Montpensier, grand-daughter to Henry the fourth, and afterwards married to the famous comte de Lauzun, who is said to have treated her so insolently, that he ordered her to pull off his boots in these words, *Henriette de Bourbon, tirez mes bottes.*

ten* in the morning, and embarked (in the diligence d'eau) on the Saone at twelve.

This river is here broad, but in many places very shallow. Travellers should be careful to take the diligence, as the coche d'eau is a heavy vessel, much loaded, and takes double the time to go to Lyons that the former does.

From Chalons to Lyons it is seventy miles ; for this you pay ten shillings for yourself and baggage.

These conveyances are much frequented ; but the boats are not so elegantly fitted up as the Flemish ones ; there are two rooms below, one of which is tolerably neat.

The first night the barge goes no further than Macon, thirty miles from Chalons. On landing on the quay of this place, which is a very noble one,

* In the French diligences they concentrate their breakfasts and dinners ; so that you may call it a late breakfast, or an early dinner ; a very æconomical plan.

it is vastly pretty to see a number of smart girls, in little straw hats and fancy dresses, surround you, and with large paper lanthorns, endeavour to entice you to an inn, for which they are kept in pay by the landlord ; one party kept calling out, *le Palais Royal*, and the other, *le Parc* ; which are the two best in the place ; and so vehement were they in their recommendations that they continually interrupted each other ; all this was done in a kind of singing, and, *Non, monsieur, le Palais, le Palais ; le Parc, le Parc* ; was echoed from all quarters.

We ascended a noble flight of steps from the quay, and as there were so many of us, divided ; I went to the Palais Royal, which is a good and reasonable house ; here was a table d'hôte, well fitted, provided for the company, which we were glad to partake of, as we had dined before eleven, and it was now late in the evening.

The price of table d'hôtes in this country is forty sols, wine included ; but you are troubled to get good ; I have often been obliged to send away two or three bottles before I could get any fit to drink. As we were now almost in the heart of the wine country, I enquired the price of Burgundy, and found it was from four livres to as low as five sols a bottle.

Macon is a small city ; but the bishopric is by no means a bad one, as it is worth near a thousand a year.

There is a handsome bridge over the Saone, (which is here rather broader than the Medway at Rochester bridge) of twelve arches.

The town was formerly strongly fortified. They reckon here ten thousand inhabitants.

The count de Morile has a noble hotel at Macon, with a theatre in it, which he lets to the actors. This nobleman

has near eight thousand pounds a year. We were still in Burgundy at Macon.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

Lyons, Sept. 26, 1787.

WE set off from Macon at five in the morning, and arrived at this place at six in the evening.

Soon after leaving Macon, the country is very hilly, and covered with vineyards, which we had not seen for several miles. I found, on inquiry, that the profit of vineyards, in a good year, was from four to six pounds an acre. The landlords in this country generally keep them in their own hands, and have people to cultivate them. The cultivation is very expensive, as they pay from twenty to thirty shillings an acre.

Five leagues from Macon is a convent of Carmelites, beautifully situated on a romantic hill. The sight of Rignaut, about half way to Lyons, was

very pleasing to us, as many of us had had no breakfast. I would advise every body, who travels by these water carriages, to take provisions with them, as otherwise, they must fast many hours, since they never make but two meals a day, dinner and supper. Fortunately there were some women on board who had grapes to sell; so that with these and some wine, which some of the passengers had had foresight enough to provide, and politeness enough to offer me, I did pretty well.

Rinaut is a pretty village; here, as usual, at twelve, we found a plentiful dinner, and good wine. I was very fortunate in the company in the barge, as it chiefly consisted of military, among which there was a French officer, going to Naples, with sixteen or seventeen others*, at the express desire of the king of Naples, to instruct the Neapolitans

* There were also some officers wives, dressed en militaire, with very large cocked hats.

in their exercises ; they were to have a great increase of pay, and many advantages.

The environs of Lyons are beautiful, and highly romantic : you see on all sides of you woods, vineyards growing among rocks, and gentlemen's country houses and pleasure grounds overlooking the Saone.

From Macon to Lyons it is forty-eight miles ; and there is very little difference between the breadth of the river at the former and latter of these places, although its embouchure is here.

The first thing that strikes you on entering this city, is a number of small boats, covered over with canvas, coming up to you, rowed by smart women in little hats, like the Maconnoises, who incessantly cry out, *Bateau, bateau* ; and if you do not take care to detain your baggage by main force, you can hardly get it out of their hands.

These boats are light, convenient, and easily managed by one woman; the fare is very reasonable; and they constantly ply on that part of the city which is on the Saone*.

I went through some narrow streets with high houses, to the hotel de Parc, where I am lodged, just by the Place de Terreaux; it is a good and reasonable house; every day at two, there is a superb table de hôte, for forty sols, excellent wine included, and, as may be imagined, fruit of all sorts in perfection. The French here generally breakfast on bread, grapes, and wine.

Grapes are here a half-penny a pound, the best; peaches, one half-penny each; and melons as low as three halfpence; and all other fruits in the same proportion; in short, this is

* These boat-girls also ply with their boats in this part of the city, if strangers wish to go over the river, crying, *Passer l'eau, monsieur; Passer l'eau.*

quite the land of Canaan. In my next, I will give some account of this city.

Yours, &c.

Lyons, Sept. 27, 1787.

THIS is a very fine city, and a traveller may pass some time in it with great pleasure.

The situation of it, is romantic and beautiful; and there are many fine Roman antiquities. The Convents, Cathedral, which is called l'Eglise de St. Jean, library, and other public buildings, are well worthy attention, but unfortunately I have not time sufficient to see all these buildings, and can only take a superficial view of them at present, as I am obliged to accommodate my time to the public carriages, which do not abound in this country. I have accordingly taken my place in the Geneva coach, which sets off from this place to-morrow. I have seen but one person here with that

dreadful malady the goitre, but expect to find more as I advance among the Alps. I will write to you soon

and am,

Yours, &c.

Pontdain, Sept. 28, 1787.

I SET off this morning from Lyons, as soon as the gates were open, in the Geneva coach, which is a very handsome one, carrying only four persons and drawn by four good horses; but to my great surprise I found they only went a footpace, and on enquiry, I heard that the same horses went the whole way without being changed.

There was a large basket, full of merchandise, fixed behind, so that in some places, which were hilly, the poor beasts could hardly draw the coach.

I had the pleasure of finding that we were to be three days going those ninety miles, the distance between Lyons and Geneva; which is performed in one

with ease if you go post; the road in general is very good, for this conveyance you pay ten shillings, besides your expences on the road, which come to about six more.

I was surprized at first that there should be no other public carriages, on this well known and beautiful road, but recollected afterwards, that the nearest road to Geneva from Paris is through Dijon; when you do not go through Lyons, but through Franche Comté; but I did not by any means repent having gone a little out of my way, to see that famous city.

The best way of going from Lyons to Geneva, is either to hire a carriage and horses, which will cost about two pounds, or seek for a returned one, which is by no means difficult to be found; as frequent parties are made to go from hence to Geneva, and Switzerland.

'To make amends' for the slowness of the horses, I was very fortunate in the company of an agreeable captain of invalids, (who had seen a great deal of the world, and was just arrived at the age, when French officers are very agreeable men) and a young lady of the same nation; and their pleasing company and politeness, made me feel this journey much less tedious than I otherwise should. There was formerly a diligence which went post; but at that time, this road was so little frequented, that it did not answer.

On leaving Lyons the road is beautiful, for some miles, you have a fine view of the Rhone, on the one side of you, which now appears sensibly narrower than at Lyons, and the mountainous province of Dauphiné on the other; which, mountainous as it is, the King of France was glad to get possession of, by giving the title of it to his eldest son.

Three leagues off, we stopped to refresh the horses and man, at Montmicul, a small village; this latter had as much need of being refreshed as his cattle; as he walked the chief part of the way by the side of them: there we found a tolerable inn, and were not sorry to get some breakfast. From hence to Maximeux, two leagues, the road continues very pleasant, with vineyards on all sides of you.

Two leagues further, we came to this place, the Lion d'Or, where we are just going to sit down to a good supper: if it had not been for the foresight of my two French companions, who carried fruit, bread and liqueurs with them, and made me partake of their fare, I should have done but badly; but whenever the French travel, they generally take some eatables with them, as they cannot always find the accommodations which we do at English inns. This little village

is most romantically situated in a deep valley on the little river Dain.

As we go so slow, I shall write to-morrow from the stage, where we put up for the night.

Adieu,

Your's, &c.

Chatillon, Sept. 29, 1787.

LEAVING Pontdain at five in the morning, we passed over the Dain, on a very handsome bridge ; to our great joy, we did not quit this beautiful river for some time, as it ran along the road for several miles.

Two leagues further we came to Cordon ; here we had the mortification of quitting our agreeable female traveller, who was going on a visit to a lady in the neighbourhood ; her manners were so pleasing, and she had made the time pass so agreeably, that both the captain and myself were very sorry to lose her. From Cordon we ascended an amazing hill above two miles in length, and great part of it very steep. Soon after we got to the top, we quitted the vineyards, which hitherto had appeared on all sides in

great abundance ; and the country was very mountainous and woody, and the vallies were watered with beautiful streams ; in short, the scene was enchanting.

Three leagues further we came to a small but pretty town, situated on a pleasant lake, and surrounded with hills, here we had a good breakfast at the Ecude France. At this town we were not a little surprized to meet with a high English phaeton, and on inquiry found that it belonged to a gentleman of Geneva, who was just come from England, with an English lady. From hence to Chatillon, the road is through the same chain of mountains, with a lake running along it.

We are here at the Lion d'Or ; a good and reasonable house.

To-morrow we shall finish this tedious journey ; and the driver gives us the comfort of thinking that we shall be at Geneva early in the afternoon.

The whole road from Lyons to Geneva goes through the province of Bresse, which in general is a very fertile one. I shall write from Geneva.

Yours, &c.

Geneva, Sept. 30, 1787.

WE left Chatillon at our usual hour, about four in the morning, for the horses went so slow that we were obliged to take much time to perform our day's journey, consisting of thirty miles. The road now is very interesting with the Rhone under it, on the other side are the beautiful mountains of Savoy.

A little farther we passed over a bridge, which, though built very plain, and over a small rivulet, is said to have cost one thousand five hundred pounds: here I must not forget to mention the little village of Liard, where money is so scarce, that for three half-pence, I bought one hundred and sixty walnuts, indeed it must be said, that walnuts are here as plentiful as money is scarce; on each

side of the road, are rows of trees of them.

A league further we came to Fort Ecluse, where you are obliged to produce your passport, as here you quit the dominions of France and enter into those of Geneva ; I should have done but badly, as through heedlessness I had taken no passport, had it not been for the kind interference of my fellow traveller, the officer, who knew the commandant.

This little fort is most romantically situated on a rock ; the Rhone running perpendicularly under it. I could not help sitting some time on the fort wall to enjoy this noble view. Between thirty and forty feet under me was this fine river, and on the opposite side the hills of Savoy. Altogether I was delighted with this charming spot.

Half a league farther is the dirty village of Cologne ; in which however,

at the post house, l' Ecu de France, I got an excellent dish of coffee. Three leagues farther St. Genis, a hamlet consisting of a few houses, where I parted with the officer, who lived in the neighbourhood, with regret; he was a man of engaging manners, and an excellent companion.

From this last place to Geneva, six miles, I walked: the road is in general flat and dull, there is however a good view of the Alps, at a distance.

I found the gate shut, as it was Sunday, and the inhabitants were at the sermon, and at that time they always shut the gates, and suffer no one to enter. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, however, they were opened; when I gave my name to the commissary, and where I was going to lodge, which is a precaution they take here to prevent riots. I walked to the hotel de Balance, a good inn, and in

a good part of the town, where I was not sorry to get some refreshment, as I was heartily tired with my walk ; as you are by this time, of this letter, which I will now finish, but will write again soon.

Yours, &c.

Geneva, Oct. 4, 1787.

I NOW sit down to perform the promise I made in my last letter.

I have been fortunate enough to find a gentleman at les Balances, who, like myself, wanted a companion to go up the Glacieres. Accordingly in the afternoon, having hired two horses at Geneva, for which we were to give three shillings a day, for each; we set off and reached Salonche that night; to Bonneville, four leagues from Geneva, the road is very even, and the country near Geneva very well cultivated. Bonneville is a neat little town in Savoy, but as we were late in the evening, we did not stop to refresh ourselves or our horses: after going a few miles farther, however, they were so fatigued that we were obliged to

stop at the village and give them some corn. We began now to be quite in the mountains; the road was as fine and even as a bowling green, and wound all round them; the evening was fine, and the moon shone bright on the tops of the mountains, and the reflection of it on Mont Blanc, covered with snow, was beautiful; added to this, there were cascades falling within a field or two of us; some of which were so fine, that we alighted from our horses to look at them. As the evening was perfectly still, the noise of these was very awful. On the whole, I do not know when I have enjoyed a scene more highly; for we had all the beauty of the surrounding mountains, without the inconvenience of them; for several miles, there was a beautiful river running along the road in a highly cultivated valley.

We arrived at Salonche about ten,

and stayed all night at la Ville de Chamberri,* where as usual they brought us a book, in which we might write our names; and here we read those of several of our acquaintance who had lately been this tour. This inn is a very dear one, as were most of them on this road; you cannot well have a dinner and wine for less than five shillings, and supper in the same proportion. From Bonneville to Salonche is six leagues.

September 24, we set off at five in the morning for Chamoni, six leagues from the last mentioned place; and arrived at it at eleven. We passed the river Arve, and found the first six miles tolerable; but it was very cold, on account of the neighbourhood of the mountains; but after this the road was bad, and part of it very dangerous. Here we quitted the vineyards,

* In this wild country, the inns are all good, not indeed inferior to English ones.

which had hitherto much added to our prospect; but they have a better method, as we thought, of managing them than in France.

The frost generally sets in, in this country, in October, but every thing now was in the highest state of cultivation, which contrasted with the barren mountains, had a most pleasing effect. In the woods and forests which abound here, there are wolves, chamois,* stags, squirrels; and sometimes bears. The views of the Arve (flowing rapidly among rocks, and which we looked down on from the road, which was of a vast height,) were beautiful. In some places there was not the least fence to hinder the traveller from falling down vast precipices, if he made the least false step.

It may be easily imagined, how bad the road was from Salonche to Cha-

* A kind of wild goat.

moni; when you know that we were six hours going those eighteen miles. The greatest part of the way we were obliged to hire a guide, who was so fearless and strong, that he is surnamed le Géant. This man was much praised by mons. Bourrit, we paid him five shillings. We generally walked up the precipices, but he had a mule; which is the beast much used in this country, and it is astonishing to see with what care those creatures cross from one side of the road to the other, when it is steep, to avoid slipping, and by these means they never make a false step.

We were not sorry to get some breakfast at la Ville de Londres, at Chamoní, after our fatigue, and here I will finish for the present.

Yours, &c.

Geneva, Oct. 4, 1787.

CHAMONI is a neat little village, in a valley highly cultivated, surrounded with mountains. In this village there are three good inns, as the concourse of people who come to visit the Glacieres, is very great.

At twelve, taking a guide, and two large poles, which they call Glaciere sticks, to prevent us from sliding down, we went up la Montagne Verte, about half a mile from our inn. After climbing up for three hours we reached the top; some part of the ascent was tolerable, but the rest so steep that we were often obliged to take hold of our guide, to prevent us from falling; this man's name was Pierre Balmat, and I would recommend him to you and your friends as a very

civil man ; if I mistake not, he went up Mont Blanc with mons. Chausure of Geneva. After staying a little while on the top to rest ourselves, where was a wooden hovel, we descended upon the Glaciere, called la Mer de la Glace, which we reached about half an hour after. To give an accurate description of this Glaciere would be useless, as so many have done it before : the length of this vast body of ice is many miles, and is about one in breadth, the depth of it cannot be found. It is so full of inequalities, that we were careful how we walked on it ; there are also many clefts in it, which one must take care of*.

The perpendicular height of the mountain we were on, was five hundred and thirty-eight fathoms, which,

* The usual way is to leap cross them with the Glaciere poles.

high as it is, is nothing in comparison with Mont Blanc, which is two thousand three hundred and forty-six. But this mountain, at the foot of which we were, before we arrived at Chamonni, does not when you are near it, look much higher than the others.* Trees, chiefly pines, grow almost to the top of the mountains. We expected to find more snow than we did; as the season was too late for going up.

* This celebrated mountain, so well described by Mr. Chaussure of Geneva, is above four hundred and fourteen feet higher than the Peak of Teneriffe. These two, and that of Coldpaxi, one of the Andes in South America, are reckoned the three highest mountains in the world, but the latter is much the highest, as it is six thousand two hundred and fifty-two yards above the surface of the sea, which is more than three geographical miles. Mr. Bourrit, in his ingenious account of Mont Blanc, says it is above two thousand three hundred and forty six fathoms high; from this mountain of snow are seen below you the Alps, and countries so immense, that they could no longer be distinguished, the lake of Geneva, &c. &c. The descent of the sun to the horizon, was so precipitate, and its apparent size so immense that the travellers were terrified at it.

The snow, melted by the sun, and falling down into the river Arveron, which has its source in this Glaciere, was very tremendous : as we were coming down, one of these Avalanches* fell not far from us ; and the noise of it was like the loudest thunder ; it was well for us that it did not fall where we were, as these Avalanches are so violent that they tear down every thing with them in their passage. We were disappointed in our expectations of the view from the top of la Montagne Verte, as the higher mountains intercepted it, mountain rising over mountain ; but, Chamoni and the other villages in the beautiful vale, looked vastly pretty, and the river running rapidly along added not a little to it.

So that on one side of us, was this vast tract of ice never melted ; above it, mountains covered with snow hanging

* Immense snow balls, which in their fall, tear down trees, &c.

over it, and beneath, the vale and river; so that the contrast was striking. In the middle of this mountain, we were not a little surprized to find fine strawberries. They have a very ingenious method of rolling down the pines from the mountains, which otherwise they could not get at.

Our descent was much more troublesome than our ascent, as the steepness made it very fatiguing to us. However we got down about six in the evening, and were not a little fatigued with our expedition, as we would not be prevailed upon to have mules, which can go part of the way up the mountains; but walked the whole of it. Our guide informed us, that they were three days getting to the top of Mont Blanc, and went over a tract of sixty miles. Eagles are very frequent in these mountains.

There are in Savoy five Glacieres, but la Mer de la Glace is the largest

and finest. We paid the guide four shillings, with which he was well satisfied; there are a great many of those persons who get a living by guiding travellers in this country; and they are very necessary to them, as there have been instances of people, who would not take them, that have never been heard of afterwards. You make your agreement with them, as there is no fixed price. I will resume my account in my next*.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

* When we were on the Glacier, the scene was very solemn; we could almost fancy ourselves out of the world, hemmed in as we were with mountains, and upon an immense body of ice: it was so awful that we were not sorry to quit it, for scenes of civilized life; in which, though perhaps curiosity might be less gratified, more comfort was to be obtained.

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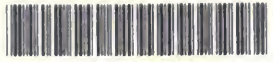
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